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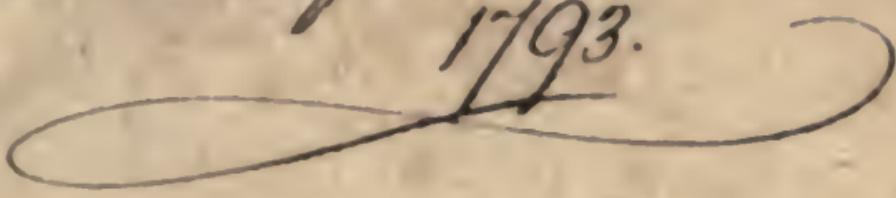
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Mrs Mary Williams

1793.





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FRONTISPICE



Life is like a Vessel on the Stream.

YOUNG.

THE
VOYAGE OF LIFE:

A POEM.

IN NINE BOOKS.

BY

THE REVEREND D. LLOYD,
VICAR OF LLANBISTER.

IN HOC TAM PROCELLO O, ET IN OMNES TEMPESTATES
EXPOSITO NAVIGANTIBUS MARI, NULLUS PORTUS
NISI MORTIS EST. SEN.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR C. DILLY, IN THE POULTRY.

1792.

REFERENCES

an Elizabeth, Sir Francis, left
such a mark upon the world as
none before him; and though he
had a long life, he did not live
long enough to see his country
in full bloom, nor did he live
long enough to see his country
in full bloom, nor did he live
long enough to see his country
in full bloom, nor did he live

29. 19. 1. 1864. 2. 1864.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Author of the following Poem is not insensible to its defects: What claim it may have to patronage, the public have the sole right to determine. The subject is universal, and may prove interesting to the candid reader. If the execution be destitute of intrinsic merit, no apology to the public can be available; if otherwise, no apology is needful.

LONDON, May 1, 1792.

A 2

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DESIGN OF THE FRONTISPICE.

VIEW of a rough tempestuous bay, bounded by rocks and precipices. Upon the sandy beach a few bold Artists are employed in erecting a tower; opposed, indeed, to Superstition, but dedicated to Error. One of the party appears digging, to undermine a venerable Gothic pile consecrated to Religion—Another boasts of * gunpowder, and bears a flaming torch in his right hand. At the foot of a mountain, in a grotto, or cave, lies the Scene of the Poem—whence a ship appears, launching out into the ocean, tossed dreadfully with the boisterous billows. Time stands aloft on a precipice, commanding the whole scene—while Hope directs down a golden chain, from its celestial anchor, and extends it to men. At a distant prospect, over the main, a stately vessel appears, riding under full sail, into the delightful haven: beyond which may be faintly discovered, Elysian Groves—emblems of Paradise, penetrated by the cheering beams of an immortal sun.

* Vide p. 54.

THE ~~THE~~ **A** **J** **T**

VOYAGE OF LIFE.

BOOK I.

B

THE ARGUMENT.

Introduction and Invocation of the Supreme Being. The Subject proposed. Life's Voyage universal. A View of the Christian making his Port in Safety; — whence the Author's Wish. The most conspicuous among the various Voyagers briefly particularized under the different Denominations of PRINCES, STATESMEN, HEROES, POLITICIANS; — their Claim to an Immortality of Fame asserted in each of these Characters, who are not more conspicuous on account of elevated Stations than they are signal for eminent Virtues.

THE
VOYAGE OF LIFE;

A POEM.

BOOK I.

LIFE, and its fates, I sing. And Life abounds
 With ever-changing fates of good and ill.
 The great PROPRIETOR has plac'd the GOOD
 Against the EVIL in Life's pond'rous scale,
 And counterbalanc'd all our joys and woes
 In due proportion to the present state.

BEGIN the song : Awhile be far remote,*
 Ye sons of jarring Discord ; but draw near,
 And give attention, ye whose souls are form'd

* οδηγοις εις θευτην, ηγετε γειτονοις φερεταις. Orr.

4 THE VOYAGE OF LIFE.

To wake to raptures with the living lyre ! 10
And you of high degree, attend the muse !
Think not her theme beneath your nice regard :
The theme belongs to you : nor one exempt
Of all the human race. Where'er the strain
Shall audience meet, be pure the list'ning ear,
And sway'd by truth the heart with sov'reign rule :
For TRUTH attention claims, and pure regard,
From senators and kings. **Urania !** stoop,
And modulate my else discordant song —
Stoop from Parnassus' lofty brow, and raise 20
An humble suppliant all to thoughts sublime !
But chiefly THOU, ETERNAL SOURCE OF LIGHT !
Supreme Dictator of divinest truth !
Whose sole inspiring SPIRIT from above
True wisdom sheds on heav'n-directed minds,
Propitious hear ! And with THY sacred beams
Illume my inward parts ! Thy kindly aid
Afford, to plan Life's Voyage. Teach me how
Its devious dangers and ill-boding blasts,
Myself to shun, and point the safer way 30
To heedless man : so shall the tuneful strain,
By Folly's flippant sons howe'er despis'd,
From all the wise and good attention claim.

UNLESS the lute deceive my wakeful ear,
Which pays attention to the pleasing sound
Of tuneful accents, in melodious chime,

The

The song, heroic numbers shall exalt,
In consonance harmonious to the sense,* so
Soft as the sighing gale in simple themes ;
But when sublime the subject, then the verse :—
Shall emulate the loud resounding main !—
That mighty world of waters oft I deem,
Of Life fit emblem, and its boisterous blasts,
Opposing tempests, and conflicting waves.

THE muse full-oft old Ocean traverses ;
Or coolly sits beside the lucid stream ;
Or woos reflection in the mountain grot.
From rivers, dells, and rocks, the vocal lay
Shall pour responsive to the plaintive lyre—
The Theme (as yet unsung to vocal reeds) :—
“LIFE’S VOYAGE !—its delusive prospects, hopes,
Surrounding dangers, wrecks—and final end.”
The THEME is copious, and my kindling muse
With ardour bids me “write !” The subject seems
Not less capacious than the rolling floods,
Which clashing on the cliff—struck back—recoil—
In madding, foaming, fury surging round.

Like that, St. John in holy vision saw,
The WORLD’s a “glassy sea,” a perilous deep;

* Omnia sed numeris vocam concordibus,
Atque sono quæcumq. canunt imitantur, et apta
Verborum facie, et quisito carminis ore,

VIDA.

THE VOYAGE OF LIFE.

By tumults toss'd and huge disasters dire !
Its proud tempestuous billows oft are heard,
Resounding far, in Contemplation's ear !
More mutinous and mad, in Reason's eye,
Than Ocean in a storm, appear the crews
Embark'd with frantic Folly — fraught with hopes,
Steering o'er all the kindling waves of vice.
Upon this Sea of Glass*, mingled with fire !
What scene can fitter represent the world
Its fiery trials, and its final end,
Than such a molten sea, seen from the throne !
Where Mercy and Omnipotence preside ?
Its voyagers are men, intent in heart
The surging billows boldly to outbrave !
In quest of gain they scan each distant shore,
And, void of prudence, as securely sail the wild !
As if embark'd in ARGO, 'mid the skies !
— Full many a fatal wreck alarms my fears,
Admonishing in Virtue's course to steer,
Let go the fond pursuit of earth ; betimes
“ Weigh anchor, and some happier clime explore.”
So sung the plaintive bard immortal YOUNG,
Whom at an humble distance I pursue, d yfion ell
So might I haply catch some vital spark
Of his celestial fire to warm my straiten gaol !

* Rev. xiv. 2.

SHOULD

BOOK I.

7

SHOULD I succeed in this advent'rous task,
 Nor only trace Life's various chart, but gain
 The glorious port of Heaven, I'd there attune.
 Some sweet angelic lyre to lostier notes,
 Or higher themes intent, and oft resound
 The joyful triumph through th'echoing skies ! . 90
 Small cause, as yet, to sing in such a strain
 Life's dubious Voyage but in part perform'd.

L

THIS Voyage is pursu'd by me, by ALL: .
 All ranks, degrdes, professions, high and low, .
 Eminences, parties, sects, and nations—all .
 Who Earth inhabit—all her ardent sons, .
 Encircling round the wide terraqueous globe, .
 Are gliding smooth to that eternal port .
 Swift, but insensible, they float away, .
 Borne on the rapid surface of Life's stream.— 100
 Soon Time will drop the high expanded sails, .
 And Death will land us on the destin'd shore.

Now there triumphant as the Christian seen't .
 He safely glides amid surrounding wrecks! .
 His costly bark swift sailing, wafts secure .
 O'er tumid waves—and far behind he leaves! .
 In long succession all the shining scene, .
 Stately advancing to the peaceful port!—
 Anon he gains the haven:—All is clear;
 Unclouded and serene his evening smiles,

THE VOYAGE OF LIFE.

While an unsetting sun with cheering beamis,
Enlightens all the strand with endless day !
All heav'n, with welcome plaudits, hails him safe
Arriv'd; and angels give him joy—now rais'd
On footing firm—where shipwreck is no more.

THE GOOD MAN is the heir of wisdom there,
However deem'd fanatical his life,* 320
His end devoid of honor ! Guilt appall'd
Beholds his exaltation. Bigotry
Exclaims, "we fools, misjudging, doom'd him down
" To misery ; how is he number'd now ? 321
" Among the just, and dignify'd a saint !"
Such honour still attends fair Virtue's sons ;
So sure the Christian's course in glory ends ;
His is the better part, the purer bliss :
All bliss besides, commix'd with vanity,
Must end in woe. All riches, honours, crowns,
In estimation here might fairly seem. 330
The pittance of an hour :—compar'd with such
Inheritance on high, their value sinks,
Their lustre fades away... These, when possess'd, I
Scarce worth enjoying seem—so short their stay,
So soon they take their flight, and often leave

* The reflection is introduced in reference to that remarkable exclamation recorded in the book of Wisdom, cap. v. 4. 6.
Their

Their haughty owners poor. Give ME the joys
To which immortal durance is annex'd :
The treasures which old Time can ne'er corrode.

BE mine—an heart sincere, a gen'rous mind,
Fraught with benevolence and honesty,
Nor destitute of poor Devotion's dow'r :
To steer the course of virtue be my choice ; 140
My bark Religion; Heav'n the destin'd mart ;
The rudder Reason; and the sturdy oars
Shall resolution ply : The swelling sails,
Wov'n in the loom of meek ey'd Piety,
Of texture firm, shall open to the skies,
Wasted before a gentle gale of Love ;—
The bark glide smooth o'er all th'expansive scene,
In steady course, obedient to the Hand
That rolls the splendid constellations round !
My mate, Experience, shall conduct the course ; 150
And Truth, ingenious pilot, guide the helm ;
While Faith, magnetically, points to the pole
Unvariably—on Sion's sacred hill !
Should storms assail (like loud Euroclydon,
Disparting navies far to distant shores—
Whose fatal Typhon and Ecnephia, dire
Surcharg'd, another deluge seem to pour)
Religion safely brooks the sullen storm :

THE VOYAGE OF LIFE.

Her sacred chart* and compass aid to steer
 Unerring, and the course to happiness 160
 Direct, unvarying from the given point —
 Till safe into the harbour † floats the bark : —
 Now soon at large, beside the peaceful shore !
 Hope casting anchor near the stable rock,
 What time the deep is in confusion cast,
 And all the wild waves into tempest driv'n,
 Stedfast and fix'd, scarce feels the idle shock —
 Laughs at the tumult, and lays siege to Heav'n,
 And safely gains the citadel at last ;
 Then, like some hero, in the conquest falls, 170
 And is transform'd to Love ! In those fair realms
 No rugged rocks, no Danger's direful train
 Of furious hurricanes shall more oppose.
 Nor sadd'ning clouds of Evil intervene,
 But one unruffled calm ensue, serene
 As the still dawn of Heaven's eternal day.

AMID Life's Voyagers, perchance, are found
 " Men of renown," of fair immortal fame,
 By Virtue fir'd to quell the hostile foe,

* The Chart refers to the Bible; and the Compass to the Moral Decalogue.

† In this metaphor, Death is considered as the harbour to which Hope supports us ! but hope can arrive no further.

And cruel discord to convert to peace ! 180
To save a nation, and reclaim a world
By counsels sage—or brave advent'rous deeds !
Yet these, of smiling peace, enamour'd most,
And of "good-will to men," Heaven's darling theme,
Procure unfading laurels for their brow.
Such, *England*, is thy great illustrious GEORGE !
Pacific prince ! Britannia's joy and boast !
And such thy glorious PITT ! In early life
Possessing all the virtues of his Sire !
Above his years politically wise.— 190
Thy gallant RODNEY such ! And ELLIOT* brave !
The first the victor of the Gallic fleet !
The next the vanquisher of Spanish arms !
Their naval forces, machinations, gold,
Consum'd before his awful enginery
Like Sodom's Towers when Heaven commenc'd
the war.

This grand event wakes up to memory
The name of CURTIS ! long to be rever'd,
In whom true valour and humanity
Combin'd, each aggrandizing each, shone out 200
Effulgent as the solemn scene ! when lo !
Like kind relenting Heaven, his goodness pluck'd
His conquer'd foes, like brands, out of the flame.

* Although Lord Heathfield is now no more, his name deserves to be communicated to posterity with honour.

With glorious names like these; and martial
deeds, The poet often dignifies his song. These claim a lofty lay. Could I command
Sublimer strains, exalted as their fame,
The rocks and hills, the continents and shores,
Encircling round Britannia's favour'd realm.
Should echo to the strain!—Accept the will,
Victorious chiefs! nor deem the tribute mean!
The will sincere in heaven acceptance finds.
Your worth ensures an immortality—
And fate affirms,—Your fame shall never die.

THE heart that glows not at heroic deeds
Is icy cold, beyond the muses power,
And all their sons, to warm! There is a race
Of frozen geniuses, whose heavy ears,*
Like Midas', shut out melody: averse
To every finer movement of the mind.
Their sullen, mean, and proud austerity,
I praise not. Others fame, however just
The tribute, wounds their narrow heart. With these
Music is void of charms. True eloquence
On them is lost: And purest worth unwept,
Unhonour'd dies! I give the Stoic up,
Best fitted in some warmer clime to bask,
Where Apathy herself too much may feel.

* Aures Assininas habet Rex Midas. OVID.

Turn, vagrant muse! from such indignant turn,
 And much enamour'd of thy subject, pour 230
 The grateful tribute of thy well-meant praise.
 Blame not the muse for chanting well-meant praise,
 Nor deem her parasitical; she scorns
 The wretched appellation, and astur'd " "
 That Virtue owns her lay, securely sings.

WHILE Sov'reign VIRTUE guards Britannia's
 bark,
 Beneath Heaven's watchful eye, small is our cause
 To dread th' assaults of ILL. If true the creed,;
 " Virtue and Vice are Empire's life and death!"
 Long live with Virtue! this alone secures 240
 Success throughout Life's Voyage; this alone
 Hurls Britain's Vengeful Thunder on her Foes,
 Extends her Empire over spacious Seas,
 And guards our Nation more than brazen walls.,
 Or Amazonian shields.—This, this alone
 Exalts, ennobles, and gives date to fame;
 Such fame as justly waits thy matchless worth,
 Illustrious Youth, to whom Britannia ow'd
 Her safety late, when tilting on the gulph
 Of yawning fate, and 'gainst a world in arms 250
 Waging dread war*! E'en then 'twas thine to save

* The Statesman's creed, in YOUNG.

• Alluding to the ever memorable crisis of the French, Spanish, Dutch, and American war with England.

THE VOYAGE OF LIFE.

From wreck our stately bark. With prudent skill
And god-like resolution still be't thine To guide her helm; while up the vessel buoys,
And COMMERCE spreads anew her swelling sails.

VIRTUE effectual proves to eternize
The monarch's, statesman's, and the patriot's name,
And set the world on fire! commanding awe,
And rev'rence, and esteem from ey'ry heart,
While every tuneful tongue such worth attests, 260
Exulting!—This the prime prerogative!
And glory of mankind, that Virtue reigns
Prime Patroness of Liberty! True guide
To honour and the splendid dome of Fame!
The muse, cheer'd with her smiles, aspires to sing
Advent'rous, what ingenuous Candour prompts,
“ God and our Rights, we boldly still maintain;
“ 'Twere impious in Old England to be sad.”

HAIL land of sacred Liberty! Thy streets
Abound with plenty, like the copious horn! 270
Salvation stands for bulwarks to thy walls,
And Mercy sheds beneficence around,
While Commerce spreads the swelling sheets, and
bears
Thy rich abundance to a thousand shores.

HAPPY

HAPPY the favour'd Sons of Albion's isle,
Did they their privileges know to prize!
Thrice happy, under such a lenient Prince,
Uniting commerce, liberty, and law;
To toleration, property, and peace:—
True Liberty! the bard's enchanting theme! 280
The patriot's glory! the mechanic's boast!
The nurse of Science! the prevailing spur
To willing Industry and useful Art!
'Tis this supports great George's throne, and spreads
Britannia's fame to regions far remote:
In such a reign, the nation's wealth and weal
Join hand in hand.—While awful Justice fills
The throne, august, to guard our rights, or stands
Steady beside the helm, on either hand
Goodness and mercy smile!—Ost to the weal 290
Of Church and State the ear of Royalty
Attentive turns, obedient to the voice
Of Wisdom:—To the plea of Candour, Peace,
And Toleration, never shut.—What time
The numerous peers of Britain's favour'd isle,
Fast by the throne, mature in council sage,
Weigh Empires, and their fates, in Justice' scale;
And politics, and equal laws discuss;
Survey the ancient Seer's prediction full
Accomplished,* Imperial Salem list, 300
And shout for joy!—While fair EUROPA's kings
The Church encircle round in Safety's arms,

* Isaiah xlix. 23.

In ALBION's Prince a "FATHER" she descries,
 And looks up rev'rent to the sceptre'd hand,
 Imploring blessings on the Regal head,
 Num'rous as dew-drops which the lawns adorn,
 While cruel despotic distains the deeds
 Heroic oft misdeem'd, Humanity
 Augusta's monarch crowns with lasting fame.

Thus Virtue's godlike Sons immortal grew,
 In old Saturnian times of fair renown,
 As full-mouth'd Fame echo'd their noble deeds,
 Through distant long posterities—from age
 Remote to age, from sire to son borne down,
 To charm our ravish'd ears.—Such only still
 Deserve in future annals to survive,
 Bearing the palm of Immortality.
 Nor to the muse need these bequeath the trust
 Of writing on the Rolls of Fame their name:
 Their deeds serve oft t'immortalize her song!
 Honor, to Virtue join'd, proclaim afar
 The man of worth, and innate excellence,
 Who only unto Vice a terror proves;
 Whose merit builds a live-long monument,
 More durable than Trajan's pillar, worn
 With venerable age; or th'obelisk
 Of that ambitious queen, ^f Augustus' bands
 Urg'd to sad suicide; or Cairo's scenes,

^f Cleopatra.

In

In cloud-capp'd pyramids on Memphis' plain,
Of prior date to all the works of Art, 330
Seeming to bid defiance bold to time !
These shall decay, and not a trace remain
Of their once-boasted grandeur ; while the sons
Of true heroic Virtue, men approv'd
For steady temp'rate zeal, and fortitude,
In Freedom's or Religion's sacred cause,
Not in the Senate or the Church alone
Shall shine pre-eminent, and justly claim
This nether world's applause :—A nobler meed,
And far more lasting, shall their Virtues crown : 340
Their record is on high. Heaven pays regard
To all whose lives and actions thither tend :
And truth is pledg'd to give the "faithful" few,
Who well employed the "talent" of their power,
And temper justice oft with mildest mercy,
A seat as splendid as the firmament,
And durable as God's eternal throne..

Of these periods, three were very
short, lasting less than a year; while the long
one of over one-hundred years, was divided into
two distinct periods, the first of which
was followed by a short interval, and then
the second period, which was also
of over one-hundred years duration.
The first period, which began about
the time of the birth of Christ, and ended
about the year 1000, was characterized
by a general increase of population,
and a corresponding increase in
the number of cities and towns,
and in the extent of cultivated land.
The second period, which began about
the year 1000, and ended about
the year 1500, was characterized
by a general decrease of population,
and a corresponding decrease in
the number of cities and towns,
and in the extent of cultivated land.

THE

THEATRICAL AND

VOYAGE OF LIFE.

BOOK II.

THE ARGUMENT.

Representations of the various Voyagers of Life continued:
— viz. PARTIZANS, DESPOTS, EPICURES,
BACCHANALIANS, LIBERTINES. — In the Description of Libertines a Digression on the Eternity of Hell Torments is introduced; with a Reprehension of their Folly who would seem wiser than Divine Wisdom, and more lenient in the Punishment of Vice, than the original Fountain of Goodness and Love. *A Soliloquy.*

THE
VOYAGE OF LIFE.

BOOK II.

FULL frequent, in Life's Voyage, men are seen
Of jarring sentiments, contrarious views,
Contending interests, and opposing schemes—
Pursuing Happiness each various way :
But still the Goddess, like some modest Fair,
Shuns their approach, yet gives a winning smile
To tempt them forward in the dubious chace.
Each votary some separate course pursues,
Yet each is confident that HE is right,
And all besides are wrong who contra-veer
From different sentiments, or other views,
Oppos'd to bis infallible decisions.
Thus oft quack-doctors in Theology

Prescribe

THE VOYAGE OF LIFE.

Prescribe as positive as could the Pope;
 "Take my catholicons, or go to hell;
 "Expect no health but under these prescriptions—
 "Firmly embrace my reprobating creed,
 "Or be the reprobate thyself."—Ah me,
 Is this thy language, erring man? Forbear!
 Check thy presuming arrogance, nor dare
 To limit gracious Heaven. Hast thou beheld
 The seal'd decrees, or read the rolls of Fate?
 Hast thou to the arcanum privy been,
 Or sat in synod as a god, when erst
 The high determination was, "Let us
 "Make man?"—Didst thou give counsel, "This
 elect,
 "That reprobate shall prove?"—Rather attend
 To make thy calling and election sure.
 Consult but reason; Reason will attest,
 And truth will certify, that *all* are wrong
 Who dare confine Heaven's choicest attribute,
 ALMIGHTY LOVE.—All such, who dissonant,
 And fierce contending, vary from the course
 That sacred chart directs, have miss'd the way;
 Perplex'd in folly's mazy labyrinths;
 And lost:—As all contending partizans,
 All fools, may be, who leave the track of peace,—
 Of pure fraternal love and tenderness,
 For noisy discord and sentential strife.

SOME,

SOME, through the busy cares of Life, are driven,
In sordid search of avaricious gain, —
To wide extremes, and clam'rous dissonance,
Till all their brain is yortical; and wreck'd —
They sink o'erladen with anxiety; —
Others as maddly spend, with idle toil,
What their progenitors amass'd with care,
And find an equal recompence in fate. —
So far'd old Roman fleets.—One cast abrupt
On Scylla's rugged rocks!—To pieces dash'd,
The shatter'd vessel sunk beneath the waves! —
Another, veering off a different course,
Plung'd deep into Charybdis' rapid whirl,
And fathom'd soon the vast profundity! —

ATTEND, my muse, to Candour's soothing voice,
Soft whispering benignly to the ear,—
“ What though some wander in a devious way,
“ Yet all are not, from Wisdom's chart estrang'd?
“ There are who steer the course of Virtue, to
“ As ne'er to deviate from her sacred side.” —
There are; and still to such the willing muse 60
Pours the indebted tribute of her praise.
Delightful task!—But ah! more gloomy scenes
A while solicit the descriptive lay;
Reluctant she obeys—but Truth demands
Her first regard, and clears her mental sight,

While—

While she, in visionary prospect, shews
Life's Voyagers, and reads their various fates.

MARK we yon fleet of Despots, wasting widest
In all the horrid rage of tyranny;—
And ravenous glut of war,—see how they spread,
Terror and devastation wide around!
Nor Justice sits, nor Honour, near their helm:
Fell as the untam'd Arab's race, they seem
Unshock'd by acts of cruelty, unmov'd
By Conscience' dictates!—some appear avers'd on
To tenderness and pity's pleading tear!
Another clan is seen, more hateful still,
Of petty-tyrants, with despotic sway
Fast'ning their iron talons on the poor.
Hapless the wretch who in their narrow bounds
Fixes his habitation! Pity here
Is sought in vain. These neither know to weep,
Nor heed the widow's or the orphan's plaint.—
Such men stern Justice vows to place in front,
When full-arm'd Vengeance aims the deadly blow.

EQUAL to these are found—in politics—
Men of low treacherous designs; injur'd
To vulpine wiles; deep skill'd in blackest arts
Of undermining policy and fraud:—
Mere cowards when deserted; but if strong,
Beware! when such are lifted near the helm,

They

'They prove the nation's terror; and as sure
As prowling wolves devour the sleepy flocks,
Or talon'd vultures awe our feather'd race,
So sure do these, Britannia, fleece thy cotes,
And bear the plume from off thy lofty brow:—
'Or worse—sow discord through thy favour'd realm,
Rearing the thorn of rancour near thy throne.

SOME, on the furious tides of life, are toss'd
By strong contrarious gusts, o'er shallow sounds, too
Unfathom'd deeps, and interposing rocks!
Adown the torrent of Contention borne,—
Bark jostling against bark! a fatal crash!
Oft-times ensues.—The jarring crews consign'd
To Charon's boat, are cast on Pluto's shores.

In Life's preposterous Voyage you may find
Harsh "sons of Belial," impudent, austere
As churlish Nabat.—Such will oft return
The greatest favour with unkindness:—Rude,
Impertinent as he; nor less ingrate:
To friend and foe averse! If right I deem,
Some sullen star presided at their birth!
Yet these, indulgent to their own desires,
Though most penurious, freely gratify
Some craving appetite; and kill the cup
Of deep Intemperance! Vile sensualists!
Abandon'd of all good but love of self!

And love of self, abus'd, the worst of ills! —
 There is a race of gay convivial souls, ~~misusing~~ —
 Reverse of these innocent qualities; ~~despising~~ —
 Yet near of kin as children to their sires: —
 For spendthrift sons from sordid parents rise! —
 These launch in pleasure's course beyond the bound
 Of sober reason; and obtain the name ~~of~~ ~~of~~ ~~of~~
 Of Epicures—a title of small fame; ~~but~~ ~~but~~ ~~but~~
 No more do these, like them of ancient date, ~~and~~ ~~and~~
 From whom their name descends, of ATOMS dream;
 Mysterious confluence; by Chance arrang'd ~~in~~ ~~in~~
 In order, and to living substances ~~in~~ ~~in~~ ~~in~~
 Wondrously fram'd. — More than a dupe were he
 That could believe such old exploded creed: —
 Our modern Epicures regard it not; ~~but~~ ~~but~~ ~~but~~
 More wise, and less inquiring, they despise
 The idle search of visionary truth; ~~and~~ ~~and~~ ~~and~~
 And place their bliss in more substantial joys! —
 Indulgent Providence is kind to all.
 Though thoughtless Irreligion builds the house; ~~it~~
 And Infidelity presides within; ~~and~~ ~~and~~ ~~and~~
 The board with teeming plenty oft abounds, ~~it~~
 The vault with cheering wine. These gifts design'd
 By bounteous Heaven t'excite returns of love. —
 And grateful thankfulness, are frequent turn'd
 A bane to such infatiate appetites,
 Who only live to cram * with glut canine.

* Milton.

As deadly potions are from harmless plants
And useful minerals extracted,—so
The choicest boon of lib'ral providence,
When ill apply'd, proves fatal—favors kill!.
Intemperance destroys more human lives
Than plague, volcano, famine, and the sword. 150
This truth has ne'er been question'd by the wise:
Repeated facts proclaim around the world
What yonder scene demonstrates to our eyes:—
Survey, my muse, those sated epicures! ,
Behold excess abusing at their board
The copious gifts of Heaven's indulgent hand;
While black Intemperance cup-bearer stands,
And many a buxom goblet hands around;
Till nature fails, o'ercharg'd to brook the weight!
These, captives made by every day's bequest, 160
Obtain betimes an ample recompence:
Surfeit, Disease, and frail Infirmitiy,
With arms enervated, dig up their tombs;
Sudden they drop—not live out half their days.
Thus oft the bark o'erladen meets the storm,
And sinks down plumb beneath the booming waves.

THE staggering Voyagers sometimes appear
Sublim'd, by Bacchanalian revels—all
Rapt into fancy'd but unreal bliss,
As the high-flavour'd juice transpires! Mean time
The catch, the repartee, the sprightly joke, 171

Run round; and full-mouth'd laughter, echoing loud
 At every turn, proclaims the "house of mirth."
 To every eye the sparkling bowl appears,
 The smiling glasses kiss each willing hand,
 And ev'ry heart attests the mighty joy.
 Enthusiastic Ardour flirts around,
 And smiles on every brow—Each seems, in turn,
 A demi-god! self-worship'd, self-admiring,
 Applauded and applauding—how they glow 180
 In all the glee of gallantry, and wit
 Obscene, unpolish'd puns, and humorous farce
 Of ribaldry and song.—Too oft, alas!
 Their censure on Religion falls, to shame
 The sacred cause of Virtue! But themselves
 Must bear the shame, and weight, of such their
 Crime.
 How little think they, that a future day
 Is swift approaching, which will give their joys
 To heaviness, their mirth to sadd'ning wo!
 What recks it them? The "evil day" they slight,
 And put the thought of sorrow far remote! 191
 Nor deem they that a silent hand, unseen,
 Minutely figures down the vast arrear
 In columns long and large—a dread amount!
 A score unheeded by the thoughtless, "debtors;"
 The Creditor "with usury" demands
 All to be paid, to the minutest mite—

³⁵² ⁺ Nocet enipta dolore voluptas. OVID.

To prison else consigns the whole banditti,*
 And who shall then unbar the grating doors?
 "Consider this—" ye Bacchanalian clans : 200
 Cease your mad orgies! cease the direful rites,
 Nor let Silenus triumph in your train!
 You still are men—let Reason reassume
 Her vacant seat, and prove you still are men!
 What mean those unharmonious chorusses,
 Loud and vociferous! but void of art?
 What means my pensive muse to preach to these?
 As soon St. Anthony might fishes charm,
 Or turn to converts the surrounding rocks!
 They fools, carousing, drown each serious thought;
 "Let's live to-day:—to-morrow we may die," 211
 Their favorite duct seems! Heaven weeps to hear!
 These barter Reason's sober joys—for what?
 A vicious draught from *Circe's* cup—for sense—
 Eternity's pure joys for dregs of time—
 A moment's pleasure for a date of wo.

* In the celebration of the *Bacchanalia* among the ancient Romans, the most daring outrages were committed under the joint influence of fanaticism and wine—till the Senate, by an edict, abrogated the festival. — Cic. de Leg. I.. 2. C. 11. And, by reason of the extravagance and profligacy attending such assemblies, some of the most daring *banditti* are, in every age, urged on to their unhappy fate. But the penalty here alluded to is evidently of another kind. However, this remark may justify the use of the term, in its present position.

Nor these alone—but all the giddy bands,
 Careering in the slippery paths of Vice,
 Are culpable before Heaven's wakeful eyes,
 Yet, vain delusive hope, they only say, 220
 “No eye beholds us—* Heaven regards it not,”
 And oft in wanton pleasure's antic maze,
 Like fairy elves in many an airy ring,
 Dance their fantastic measures to the moon,
 With jocund Jollity frisking around
 Tip-toe! Too short the day—their revelries
 Invoke the succours of the silent night,
 And then, but ill conceal'd such odious guilt:
 Nor masks nor pageant halls shall skreen it long—
 ’Tis then the sons of Riot muster forth 230
 Their forces, and pursue the incessant range
 Amain—full fraught with petulance and wine,
 Which vice enflames:—nor think they that unseen
 In the full cup the fatal poison lurks,
 Delicious to the palate; but at length
 It proves the sluice of life, the bane of health,
 And sows the seeds of death. Thus oft in meads
 Where flowers luxuriant rear their sprightly heads,
 The snaky-crested viper lies conceal'd—
 Darts on the hand that ravages their sweets; 240
 And deadly venom to the soul instils.

* Ezek. viii. 12.

† Alluding to the pleasures of a masquerade.

PRONE to the lap of lewd Licentiousness
The high-flown rabble throngs unweetingly,
Regardless of the future consequence :
Libidinous the heart, wanton the eye,
Leads to the Harlot's den: — The cup of joy
They swallow down, regardless of the gall.—
Thus a proud galleon in the Hellespont
Steering amain, strikes on a pointed cliff:—
The shatter'd vessel drinks the rushing tide—
Plunges the vortex of the dang'rous gulph—
Meets final shipwreck—and is seen no more..

— THOSE Libertines incessantly are toss'd am
A'mid the mazes and perplexities
Of boundless guilt and infidelity;
Their ulti'ng bark, devoted to the deeps, — n'e'er a
Is down a rapid torrent driv'n, o'er all
The shifting sands of instability; —
Till barr'd by angry fate,— or sudden dash'd
Against the rocks of error! Then the wreck, — 260
Floating o'er all the foaming surge; appears
In broken fragments! — Such their final doom!
What doom can such degenerate crews expect,
Who fill no useful station while on earth,
But occupy the "scorner's chair," intent
To drive devotion from the tents of men?
Their insolence insures their fate. Lo, there,
Incontinence and stee'l'd security.

Hoist up the hov'ring flag aloft to Heav'n²⁶⁰
As who would sweep the constellations down ! 270
Anon some sullen fiend, with furious gust,²⁷¹
Hurls them, presumptuous, down, into the shades,
Like him* who fell upon the Lemnian shore ! 271
There they, with worse than iron chains, are bound,
Never to anchor in the port of peace.²⁷² 272
No advocates for heav'n-born liberty
Were they ; but sons of Vice, by passions pent,²⁷³
And slaves to appétence. Their state, at best,²⁷⁴
A state of servitude, exceeding all²⁷⁵ 275
The Afric gallies and their galling oars : 280
But now, relentless punishment, though halt²⁷⁶
And slow of foot, o'er takes them, of a cast²⁷⁷
Superior far to that impos'd of old,²⁷⁸
By Pharaoh, on the chosen Hebrew seed,²⁷⁹
Of burning brick, without affording stubble.²⁸⁰
These still have store of fuel for the flaine²⁸¹ — IT
No great advantage in those sultry climes.²⁸² 282
But worst of all—and worse can't be conceiv'd,
No END to such their destiny appears.²⁸³

Could they but hope some very distant end,²⁸⁴ 290

* Vulcan.

Those who live under the domineering influence of Passions, are servants, or slaves—and therefore are pent; not being free.
Incedis per ignes.
Suppositos cineri doloso. HOR.

The

The fiery vaults with echoing joy would ring ;
 The snaky furies & charm'd, would yet uncurl ;
 Ixion once more rest upon his wheel,
 And Sisyphus forget his fruitless toil !

But Heaven has publish'd the reverse — decree
 Irrevocable ; who shall dare reverse it ?

Ye Libertines ! ask not relentless fate,
 " Why doom'd to everlasting pain for crimes
 Of momentary date ? Time kicks the beam,"

You say, " when balanc'd 'gainst eternity ?" 230.

'Tis granted so — But Time and Circumstance,
 Against Futility, plac'd pro and con,
 Preponderate the scale an equal beam —

Where rests the odds ? What if the guilt of Time
 Bear no proportion to eternal pain ;
 Yet guilt prolong'd against ETERNAL LOVE .

Unutterable, and mercy infinite,
 In proud despite unto the spirit of grace,
 And bold defiance of the Legislator *

Whose

Mr. Milton has introduced the Heathen Mythology into his divine poem : and better authority can hardly be followed, though at a distance. Besides, a subject of this nature is represented in poetry, to far greater advantage, under such images and symbols, as the Mythology affords, than in plain and express terms.

* Archbishop Tillotson, in his Sermon on the "Eternity of Hell Torments," cannot admit that there is any proportion between temporary sins and eternal punishments ; and therefore places

Whose laws are built on equity—such guilt
Stands adequate, in Reason's equal scale,

places the main force of his argument, for the consistency of the thing with the justice and goodness of God, in "The ends and reasons of Government which require such penalties as may, if it be possible, secure the observation of the law, and deter men from the breach of it." It must be admitted, there can be no analogy between temporal guilt and eternal torment, eternity being an extreme which will admit no medium of comparison, therefore the proposition cannot be proved *a priori*; but if we place the argument in another point of view, and add circumstances into the scale—Reason, unbiased by prejudice, will soon discover that God is true and righteous in his dispensations of eternal JUSTICE as well as MERCY.—In addition to the argument stated above, place the good that was promised, against the evil which was threatened—consider the salutary tendency of the threatening itself—The equity and excellency of the Divine Law—the Majesty and Authority of the Lawgiver—take a survey of the infinite Love he has manifested in the recovery of mankind from their original fall—consider, in consequence of such recovery, that eternal happiness and misery are matters of free choice.—After all this, add into the scale of Reason what it cost the Redeemer to atone for human guilt—and also the plain and easy terms upon which Salvation is now offered.—Under such circumstances, the guilt of obstinate infidelity and final impenitence seems to be enhanced to an infinite degree: and crimes prolonged against Eternal Love stand adequate to eternal torment: hence, in scripture, there is a visible distinction between the guilt and consequence of any crime, simply considered, and that of final unbelief and impenitency: these being the source and completion of all evil.

To

To PUNISHMENT ETERNAL :—See the one
Preponderate against th'other, and own
That God is just.—Ask not the Infinite,
“What hast thou made ?” or “where is mercy fled ?”
This too presumptuous were; and vain. Believe it,
His justice, goodness, truth, and equity,
Will ever shine unsully'd, unimpeach'd,
And fully vindicate the Right, against
The loudest clamours of the sceptic foe—
And those whom Folly prompts,—in reason weak
And vain—yet who would seem more merciful,
More just than Jove—vile impotence of guilt—
Would turn once more the massive key, and heav'n's !
Th' infernal doors once more should “grate harsh
thunder,”
And let the prisoners forth—and place 'em high,
To wage war yet in heaven ! When men would seem
More wise than what is writt'n, their folly stares
Full manifest in every face :—I leave
Them long t'enjoy their reveries, and turn
Once more to yonder shipwreck'd sons of vice,
Where late we left them bound in Vulcan's chain.
Whither is now their blooming Venus fled?
Where their lov'd Liberty ?—The phantom knew
No other residence beneath the moon,
Save their ideal brain ! There, only there,
Existing solely. Now the spectre's fled!

True Liberty,unknowing these, avoids
Their company. She visits not those realms,
Repentance there long chides their desp'rate choice.
Despair grins horrible upon each face, 341
And glares in every eye, rueful, aglaist,
To fancy's ken ! What then to those who feel
The dire,dire twinges of her scorpion tail !
Could they now barter lots with some, the worst
Of criminals, that to the dungeon cast,
Are heavy laden with the clanking chains,
How would they hug the bands, and think them-
selves 342
In heaven ! 'Twere for them, unhappy, 'twere
For them a privilege too high t'obtain— 350
What earth deems cruel servitude, below.
Were boundless liberty. Too vast for them
Earth's smallest boon,—if aught accounted small
Where sole reviving hope benignly cheers
The drooping heart—Then only hell begins
When she takes flight for ever:—doleful plight
Of these forlorn ! What heart the thought sustains.

'TWERE happier far to have been doom'd, thro'

Life

To heathen rites—honest of heart—and led
In nature's track, like harmless Indian tribes, 360
Near Ganges, or Hydaspes, far famed streams,

Than

Than from the sacred paths of righteousness
To swerve with willing feet; to turn the ear
From reason's loudest calls; to close the eyes
Against the rays of truth; divinest truth,
Commission'd from on high, with evidence.
Infallible, thence revelation call'd.
Such daring Libertines, who darkness choose
In preference to light, are by that truth
Which they despise, to "outer darkness" doom'd;

If such the fatal end of wicked men;

373:

Fly from their horrid secret, O my soul,
And thou, mine Honour, at a distance keep,
Nor ever in their dire assembly join.

373:

and I know not well of any example where

5

THE

¶ *Explanatio de laudibus et censu Virgilii*
¶ *Explanatio de laudibus et censu Virgilii*

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and never in life did I feel so ill.

THE FIFTH SONG.

THE VOYAGE OF LIFE.

BOOK III.

THE ARGUMENT.

Descriptions of the Voyagers of Life continued,—viz.—

ATHEISTS, PAPISTS, UNITARIANS. — In these Representations, Speculative and Practical Atheists are compared, and consigned to an equal Fate:—The most notorious and daring Tenets of Ancient and Modern Times reviewed, and exploded—the recent Trophies of Polemical Virtue; in a Dignified Divine, over the chief of Literary Heroes among Separatists, attested.—Vice, in each collective Character, is impartially censured, and Error reprimanded.

THE

VOYAGE OF LIFE.

BOOK III.

WHILE some to War attune the sounding
lyre;—
And some the purer joys of Peace attest;—
Some sing of Heroes weltering in blood
A tragic scene;—and some of Paradise
Regain'd—and warring angels disarray'd;
Some sing the Seasons as they roll; and some
Life, Death, and Immortality—and Time,
Than gold more sacred—and the final scene
When Time itself expires; for me, 'tis mine
To counsel heedless man to steer aright.—
To warn Life's Voyagers to shun the gulph,

OF

THE VOYAGE OF LIFE.

Of deep Intemperance and Vice; t' avoid
 The fatal rocks of Infidelity,
 And clear the bark of Superstition's weight,
 And Error's insolence; pointing the ports
 Where happiness presides;—Divine intent;
 Thrice happy, could I counsel such aright,
 To make the haven sure. The pure intent
 Accomplish'd well, in grave didactic strains,
 Gains plaudits, not in earth alone, but heaven.

As miners, with repeated toil, dig deep root^Y
 And move the rubbish by, ere they attain bid bna
 The precious ore; so truth is brought to light^Y
 By dint of Reason—reason unoppos'd.^Y fru^D
 To Revelation's bright celestial beams, gurnaw^{IO}
 And shines full clear to an attentive eye,
 Disclosing all the dark elusive plots,
 And deep concerted schemes; which Error plans,
 To gain th'unwary over to her side^Y 18^Y 19^Y
 Yet such she frequent gains; and such the muse³⁰
 In her next effort sings—A daring fleet^Y 19^Y 20^Y
 Of Atheists, land of Infidels baptiz'd^Y 20^Y 21^Y

THESE hoist their lofty sails, Presumption's height,
 And seem to brave Omnipotence itself,
 When sleeps the calm:—“The Deity! a joke,^Y
 “Religion! all a farce—a cunning scheme,

" By Priestcraft plain'd, and drawn from selfish
 " views :
 " To fleece the flock is solely its intent;
 " Keep the wide world in awe, and bind in chains
 " Of starish thralldom freeborn sons of light; 40
 Hail advocates of glorious liberty! 40
 The world you hope to free from groundless fears,
 To chace the shades of Superstition dark
 Remote, and shake Religion's galling yoke.
 Forth of our neck :—brave generous design!
 You scorn by mean restraints to be confin'd,
 And bid defiance to high Heaven; All hail!
 Yet vaunt not. Why*, sworn enemies to truth,
 Durst you the desperate adventure risk?
 Of warring against Heav'n like Tityus old 50
 And his gigantic train? unequal strife!
 I see your fate! I give you pity; still,
 Vain boasters know; nor deem th' informant rude;
 Your light is darkness of a Stygian hue,
 An ignis fatuus leading to the pit
 Gebenna, and the Solysr. gloomy cells!
 The battery you labouring raise, to stp^m
 Religion's citadel, must back recoil,
 Impetuous, and crush the daring soc.
 You hope to free the world from needless fears! 60
 Fend hope; but vain as a delusive dream,

* Quo moture ruis?

† Isaiah, xxxiv. 14.

VIRG. T

THE VOYAGE OF LIFE.

Frail as the bubble, floating down the flood,
That sudden dies in air. First free the ship
From Conscience' guilty clamours : 'twere a task
Superior to your skill ! The Prince of hell,
Proud domineering, pays the daring chiefs,
Who, faithful to his interests, live and die,
And durst espouse his cause in face of heaven,
A greater recompense, in full arrear,
Of vengeance doubly due : For these outdo, 70
In bold presumption, all his daring peers !
They firm believe and tremble. What must these
For such transcendant infidelity.
Receive ? 'Tis this—this awful truth we know ;
Not half the kindling of th' ALMIGHTY's wrath
Will soon consume the stubble of the foe.
Lo, there, his chariot-wheels drive on a main !
And incens'd Justice rous'd to smoking ire,
Wakes up, to meet the wretch, who dares deny
Th'existence of a GOD !—Vile insect man ! . 80
A foe so frail he deems beneath his mark.
Small conquest gain'd, for the OMNIPOTENT,
To mar an atom, or destroy a fly :
Equal beneath his pond'rous chariot-wheels
A mite—a world is crush'd. Rous'd at his ire,
Th'astonish'd elements revere his hand !
The lightnings flash ! the thunders roar, aloft,
An awful clangour to the gaping floods !
The bulging rocks, alarm'd, start up their heads,

And

And from the gloomy caverns of the main 90
 Reverberate the sound with echoing peal! 111
 While Heav'n's hot thunderbolts fly swift abroad,
 The forests skip like playful unicorns!* 111
 The lofty groves in reverence bow down,
 To shun the elevated stroke of Justice' arm,
 Portending swift destruction on the toe.
 Earth trembles deep, from pole to pole, o'erwhelm'd
 Beneath the pond'rous weight of human guilt; 110
 And, aw'd by Heaven's majestic voice, the hills
 And high pil'd mountains like a drunkard reel,
 In agitation,—tottering beneath
 His rapid car, whose might no power withstands.
 So quak'd Olympus when the gods came down,
 As poets feign'd—so Sinai's summit shook!
 Creation, groaning † in convulsions, seems
 Anticipating pangs of dissolution.
 Now let the Atheist rear his haughty crest,
 And like Leviathan, devoid of fear,
 Furbish his awful blade, in bold contempt,
 To meet the shining sword of Justice—Ha! 110
 See how he skulks his cover'd head in "hold,"
 Most timid of the guilty imps of vice,
 And dies mere coward ere the stroke descends—
 Or Indignation forth its vials pours.
 Not equal pangs bētide Elara's son,
 Bound to the rock, consign'd by incens'd Jove,

* Psalm. xxix. 6. † Rom. viii. 22.

The Vultures prey.—Laocoön was not seiz'd
With mightier terrors, when the serpents twain
From Tenedos, voluminous and vast,
Him and his sons with poisonous jaws devour'd ! 120
In Atheous men conscience becomes a scourge,
A "worm" that never dies; and ceaseless preys
Upon the vital parts like liquid fire,
Ever consuming! Ever unconsum'd!

SURVIVES the wretch, in mercy's mild domain,
Who dares, with iron front, in face of Heaven,
Bid bold defiance to OMNIPOTENCE ?
The atheist is the man!—the monstrous man!
The greatest hero on the spacious globe:
The mightiest hero ! no—retract the term; 130
The veriest coward 'mid the timid crews—
Friend of the darkness, he the light abhors,
And darkness, too his conscience can't sustain* :
Full-fraught with phantasies, he dreads his shade!
Is this the high-flown rebel against Heav'n?
Such is the man; and such are all Heaven's foes.
Fate has decreed that such presumptuous crews
Shall sink beneath the weight of hellish crimes—
Ignobly sink! Ask not how low?—How long?
Notation here extends its powers in vain: 140
A Newton's art would fail to comprehend

* The well-known case of the author of the Leviathan.

Th' unbounded science of futurity :
Nor can the boldest thought such depths explore,
Till sage eternity the scene unfolds.

'TWERE difficult to say, whom to prefer, —
Such desperadoes, or yon faithless crews
Of Atheistic life ; deluded, they
Tilt on prepost'rous as a pantomime,
Regardless whither :—Whither I'll not say :—
Heaven is forgot, and all the prime concerns
Of future bliss and woe. The Deity,
Presides not in their thoughts. His sacred name
Is lost blasphem'd by their unhallow'd lips,
Irreverent ;—His dread is far remote.
Without the aid of optics you may see
Their vessel gradual sinking by its weight :
While they, unconscious of the fatal leak,
Use no one effort to secure the ship.

THAT other Fleet, with Priestcraft at the helm,
And superstition by the compass conning,
Makes much ado, boasting aloud of high
Infallibility ! and of the keys
To shut and open heaven ! Of Peter's chair !
Of sovereign power on earth, o'er all that live,
Kings to depose, and heretics to burn,
At will ! Noble achievements these !—Yet still
Infallible—they cannot err ! With them . . .

Evil is render'd good; and barbarous deeds,
Which nature shudders to behold, are deem'd
Most meritorious—rend'ring service meet, 170
When Schismatics they roast*! Survey 'em there,
(Afar seen safely, hazardous t'approach).
A numerous navy, bearing on a main,
What course old mitred Superstition plann'd,
To gain by ardent application crowns,
And thrones, on earth; but not a seat in heaven.
Great were the soul, and noble were the deed,
Of the first PROTESTANT who burst their bands.
Great minds to Superstition ne'er give place: it is
'Tis conscience and God's law controul their course;
And these are bands of mercy. Reason here 181
Approves the yoke, and yields her neck submiss.
Late, fellest INQUISITION stood on deck,
A hellish dæmon, black as hell at heart,
Though clad pontifical in purest white,
With torches, furies, sabres, at his side,
Wracking his brain new tortures to inflict.
Heaven ushers in with smiles the glorious morn
Which sees him first bound under deck secure,

* Although in the present age, we have no Smithfield scenes of sacrificing pious prelates to the resentment of Superstition; yet, surely the religion which renounces not those principles which subverted the very end and design of Christianity, and which laid the foundation of division and discord among men, is ever worthy of the severest censure.

There tolling baleful eyes! with meagre jaws,
 He, hunger-bitten, gnaws his galling chain. 19t
 Still busy Priesterast, prompt on board, appears
 With bulls, beads, crucifix, indulgencies,
 Pardons, and dispensations for more sins,
 And countless lumber, 'nough to sink a fleet,
 Or furnish well a paradise for fools.
 Old blear-ey'd Ignorance + I see on deck,
 Rais'd into fair renown!—She idly boasts
 Devotion sprang from her abhor'd embrace:
 Vile infamy! 'Tis Revelation gave 200
 Devotion birth, and Wisdom is her sire:
 But heavenly Wisdom rarely here is seen.
 If old report be true, they beat in freight
 Huge bales of costly merchandise, to be transferr'd
 To Lucre's wharfs—a staple fund of wealth
 Unto the skilful venders frequent found:
 Nor will they barter but for par of gold!
 The bales consist of current, genuine, "Works
 " Of supererogation:" Treasures rare!
 Despise them not in papal realms. Ah me! 210
 How sanctify'd the venders there appear!
 Prompt in confessions, ave-marias, creeds!
 On Lord's or holy day, devout they spend,
 Forsooth, an hour—though cold perhaps at heart
 As kneeling statues! then, the vulgar crowds,

+ Ignorance is the Nurse of Superstition, and not the Mother of Devotion, as the Papist vainly insinuates.

Homebound, return from mass, unedify'd ;
 Unknowing what they pray'd ; undisciplin'd
 As callow-daws, and give their creed the lie !
 Their creed looks heavenward, but they row reverse,
 And live a life the bane of their belief. 220
 Ah, too presumptuous, thus to fan the flame
 Of Heaven's displeasure ; thus intent t'insult
 Th'incensed Deity by vain appeals,
 And superstitious rites^t, and hellish deeds,
 As though they did not heed his hottest ire !
 These cast o'er board, with bold presumptuous hand,
 The sacred compass and directory—
 Laying aside the Bible, conscience, truth,
 And in effect their reason and their God ;
 While with the knee they reverence, and pay 230
 Homage divine to creatures like themselves
 Before the idol's shrine :—Idolatry
 Of sable die !—'Twere easy to predict
 The coming storm. The lip of Truth declares,
 Inevitably such one day must sink,
 Plung'd by the fiercest blast of Heaven's displeasure.
 So sunk the ancient *Tyre* in height of pride ;
 So *Babylon* is doom'd one day to fall.

^t At the same time that I expose the superstitious errors of the Roman Catholic Religion, I acknowledge that there have been (and doubtless are now) among them, men of genius and piety, who were ornaments to religion and human nature.

HOPE's fabric, elevated on the sand,
When blows the storm, inevitably falls ; 240
And great, supremely great, the fall appears.

THESE, though they fall, have hope to burst their bands,
And soar aloft, from out the penal fires,
To gain a seat in heaven. So Mulciber §
And all his numerous compeers, awoke
By Satan's call, sprang up, when welt'ring prone
Upon the burning lake, and counsel held
How to regain their former seat in bliss ;
But fruitless their attempt, as fruitless these—
Equal in stratagems, but not in power : 250
These hope their dole will purchase Paradise ;
Or should that fail, that Purgatory fires
Will burn their bands, and purge their dross away.
Money with them unbars the sacred doors,
For Papal powers assun'd the golden key !
Lavish your purse, and Peter's successors
Will let ye in ; for pelf with them avails.
If you in works of merit prove too light,
They'll add their *super-stuff* into the scale,
And then, weigh up ! ye cannot fail of heaven. 260
Such tenets Rome, with sober craft avows !
— Mistaken Catholics ! In vain you buy

§ i.e. Vulcan, mentioned by Milton, P. L. B. 1. L. 740.

The pearl, reserv'd in Heaven's prerogative,
Alone, to give. Vain hope : 'Tis God alone
Can cancel human crimes. Your gold is held,
In sacred things accrû'd—It can't procure
One cooling drop from out the chrystral stream,
To quench the tongue that, like a firebrand, glows
With different heat from what ambition's rage
Or fumes of Avarice did erst inspire ; 270
Nor can it forth from those tormenting flames,
Where the proud epicure condol'd his fate,
Release the struggling spirit to the skies—
Ah no : the yawning gulph is fix'd between,
Unpassable. Christ's Vicar and the Queen
Of Heaven ||, are unavailing advocates
For freedom thence — and faithful Abraham's
prayers,
If he for such would intercede, tho' heard
More loudly at the throne of love than twice
Ten thousand masses, here would fruitless prove.
Nor can a bridge be pav'd, for passage thence, 281
Like that o'er Chaos, rais'd by Sin and Death,
From hell's dark confines to this nether world,
Deluding Cardinals, in vain you talk
Of Purgatory's purifying fires
To purge out stains, for which th'atoning price
Was pour'd in vain:—no other ransom frees
From Sin's sad chains, nor that when past its date.

|| A Roman Catholic title given to the Virgin Mary.

No penal fires can cleanse and purify
 The crimson stain of unrepented crimes 392
 When fled the lenient day of grace :—ah then,
 In those dark realms, the vile more vile become,
 Th' impure still more malevolent, more fell,
 Ripening for their inevitable fate,
 And plunging deeper in th'abyss of fire.

Such is the fate of those presumptuous fleets
 Who steer with Ignorance and Bigotry,
 By Superstition's chart, as Interest points,
 As Priestcraft plans, or Prejudice directs :
 Such purchase death by their egregious lives : 300
 Pursuing swift the shadows and the wind,
 Till blown themselves into Oblivion's gulph,
 Their hope, their interest, and their fame expire.

So fares it (if the muse prophetic sags)
 With yonder formidable armament
 Of Unitarian scribes ! Who dare oppose
 Their boasted confidence of blowing up
 Old Superstition's fort with nitrous blaze ?
 'T' oppose their boasted confidence, there are
 Who shew the will, but seem to lack the power ;
 While to defend Religion's sacred fane, 311
 The will and pow'r in Horsley both unite.
 He, like a hero of renown'd acclaim

In polish'd Greece or Alexandria †,
 Arm'd, all invincible, by sacred TRUTH,
 With Eloquence and Learning in his train—
 Sole victor ! puts to flight their daring powers,
 And gains immortal honours by the deed :
 He fights for Truth ; and Heaven's anointed King,
 In future glory, shall award his crown. 320

While arguments and flowing eloquence
 Glide down his page, like ever copious streams,
 TRUTH triumphs ! ERROR quits the field abash'd ;
 And if not harder than the flinty rock,
 Conviction would strike light into the soul !
 But Error's ever obstinate ; and hence,
 In spight of Truth and Reason, unreclaim'd.
 Illustrious Prelate ! now the muse commands
 Music and eloquence to grace her strain !
 Inspir'd with more than patriotic flame ! 330

While more, far more, than common fame exalts
 The literary hero of her song !
 Rescu'd by you, the Church still stands secure ;
 Nor dreads the idle boast of nitrous grain ‡,
 Assur'd

† *Alexandria* is significantly introduced here as being the *See* of St. Athanasius. This bishop was such a dauntless veteran in defence of orthodoxy, against the Arian and Socinian heresy, that the proverb became current in his day,

“ Athanasius contra mundum !”

‡ Alluding to a bold simile in Dr. Priestley's works, in which he compares the effect of his writings to that of “ gunpowder,”

Astur'd that hell can't shake her ancient scite,
 Nor all its daring chiefs :—for Heaven upholds
 Her venerable towers, and will protect
 The lofty domes, while Truth presides within :
 Her prudent TEST § no "Powers" shall abrogate,
 While you withstand the Aliens dark designs. 310
 'Tis godlike, thus, to join with Heav'n to save
 From Treason's bold artillery her walls :—
 The sacred walls, made vocal, would resound
 The name of HORSLEY to the echoing skies ;
 And lo, the liss'ning spheres should catch the flame !

This daring crew, with inharmonious din §§,
 By ardour spur'd, to persevering toil,
 Make loud pretence of bearing on with Truth;
 Tho' diving deep, as Acherontic sound,
 In Error's black abyss :—enkindling flames 350
 Of mad sedition in a peaceful realm,
 To rage against themselves ! What recompense
 These hope, 'twere hard to guess. No small reward
 Can make amends for their detested deed !

powder," being laid by a grain and a grain under the foundation
 of the old "building!"

§ This was written when the motion for a repeal of the
 Test Act was debated in the House of Commons.

¶ It is remarkable that not two Unitarians can be found who
 appear to accord in sentiment. The reason is obvious ;—they
 are bewildered in the labyrinths of metaphysical argument, and
 lost in the mazes of error.

They sell the MASTER's interest too low,
 If not for more than the first Traitor;—Him,
 Who with a kiss betray'd the sacred life
 Of Lamb-like Innocence to hellish hate:
 These too betray his sacred truth and honor,
 And murder pages of the living Code ! 360.
 Religion turns appall'd ; and only groans
 Beneath their sacrificing knife ; and spurns
 The sable mask of treach'rous friendship, these,
 Iscariot like, for doubtful purposes,
 So closely wore ;—till late, the visor seem'd
 Nigh cast aside ! when, like the Jews, they kiss'd
 Their Master*, in derision †, and durst rail
 'Gainst dignities,—unlike the pow'rs beneath !
 The ancient Traitor lucre sought : and soon,
 'Too soon, the booty sought acquir'd. But these
 Some nobler prize pursue :—Perhaps the helm, 371.
 In Church and State, attracts them ! Perhaps 'tis
 fame,
 That idle badge of singularity,
 That kindles ardours in their sanguine ‡ souls !

* The King.

† Alluding to the notorious Hand-bill which was the cause of the late unhappy riots in Birmingham ; and which, beyond a doubt, was penned by some red-hot politician, of Unitarian principles.

‡ The soul, according to the principles of their philosophy, is a substance which, when we die, will turn to a mephitic vapour ; and therefore, the epithet is not ill applied.

By each new-fangled effort, these would strive,
 In ethics, politics, Theology,
 To acquire their end:—vainglorious thirst of fame!
 And how they will succeed, that record shews:
 “He that exalted sits, enthron’d, shall laugh;
 “The Lord himself shall have them in derision.”
 Such the effect of their presumptuous toil 381
 To undeify the “Lord’s anointed,” who
 Supreme, on Sion’s hill, for ever reigns.
 Pride made the ancient scribe deny his king—
 ’Tis pride that works the Unitarian’s fall:
 That more than mortal foe wag’d war in heav’n,
 And hurl’d down from the chrystral battlements
 A “son of morning” to the realms of night.
 These chiefs, however helin’d, who durst oppose
 Their mightier, from every feeling heart 390
 Extort forth pity—rather just disdain,
 Considering what love they turn to hate.
 Such, Julian like, the Galilean king
 Must own their ♦ vanquisher, and brook his ire.
 These, seeming wise, but fools in fact, “deny
 “The God that bought them”—They aspire
 To undermine the Church, ’gainst which “the gates
 “Of hell shall not prevail;” and toil to raise,
 In contradiction proud, aloft to heav’n,

—+ Vicisti Galilee! said Julian the Apostate. “O Galilean!
 “thou hast overcome me.”

A temple to CONFUSION dedicate, 400
 In which, exalted, ERROR fits inshrin'd.
 Church, apparatus, they durst leave for this,
 To prosecute the arduous design.
 How stable, how sublime, the pillars seem !
 Nor ought suspect they the foundation false :
 Tho' deem'd impregnable, Time yet will come,
 When down the fabric all, with sudden crash,
 Rebounding, lays them in the ruins deep !
 Where then the bold calumniators § ?—Bold
 Indeed, who durst deny divinity 410
 To God's Eternal Son ! whose name is hail'd,
 All heaven throughout, with sacred eloquence,
 And prostrate adoration, as beseeins
 The Father's chosen Heir, " by whom all things,"
 In heaven and earth, " consist ;" to whom belong
 Creation's and Redemption's glorious works :
 Sole Prince of honour, worship, and renown.
 Well it becomes the dazzling cherubim
 To chant his praise, till heaven's orchestra rings.
 No pipes discordant to that sacred choir 420
 Shall gain admission at the hallow'd doors.
 HE keeps the keys †. Shall these then enter in,
 His truth blaspheming, to traduce his fame ?

§ The Socinians stand convicted, by the clearest attestations and evidences of Revealed Truth, not of calumniating the character of a man, but of derogating from the honour of a God.

† Apoc. i. 18. Where for *hell*, read *hades*, i. e. the invisible regions of happiness as well as misery.

—They

— They first must dip in that divine ATONEMENT,
 Which now is deem'd of none effect at all.
 Surprising infamy !—Blast their designs,
 Great God ; and make their folly manifest,
 Like Jannes old, or Jambres †, who withstood,
 Less impious far, a far less dignify'd.

Awake, Jehovah ! speedy vindicate 430

The honour of thy sacred name. Thy truth

Is question'd, and the glory of thy SON

Presumptuously eclips'd and circumscrib'd

In Error's proud opinion : Not in fact.

Still his divinity, like yonder sun,

Shines clear o'er all the darkness that surrounds

Our hemisphere ; and shall for ever shine.

When he, encircled with his squadrons bright

Of Seraphim, in judgment sits supreme,

Then shall the Godhead blaze effulgent beams ! 450

Before that awful period dart THY rays

Direct, with full conviction in their souls !

Recall them erring as thou once recall'dst

A persecuting Saul, at war with heav'n !

Recall them once again to THY Sheep-fold,

To own the SHEPHERD's voice, and live his praise.

Conquer the world by thy victorious love,

Till that dear name on which the Christian dwells

Enraptur'd, that dear name resounds the earth

Throughout, in sacred concert with the skies, 450

And all the Heathen join the tuneful choir.

† Egyptian Sorcerers.

CHAPTER 10. EDAYON

THE
VOYAGE OF LIFE.

BOOK IV.

THE ARGUMENT.

~~THE~~

Preliminary Observations resulting from a cursory Review of the Scenes drawn up in the preceding Books. Address to the Gay. Apology to Wits. An important Query stated; and resolved into a Description of the Christian's sometimes narrow Passage to the Regions of Purity, and of his Fortitude and Divine Support in the Casualties attending it. From the preceding Considerations are naturally introduced general and more particular Directions and Cautions to both Sexes (the Lovers of Pleasure particularly) to proceed in Safety through Life's ~~uncertain~~ ^{precarius} Voyage.—This Book closes with an Address to a Lady, whose amiable Virtues are noticed as a Pattern to the Sex.

THE
VOYAGE OF LIFE.

BOOK IV.

AS when the curious traveller obtains
Some signal eminence, and on the peak
Of hill or promontory stands secure,
(Montserrat†, Teneriff, or Fenisterre,
Or old Herculean Abyla §, beheld

† *Montserrat*, a famous mountain, in the principality of Catalonia, which is so broken and divided into a great number of spiring cones, that it seems, at distant view, to be the work of art. Its situation is admirably adapted for contemplation and retirement; and for many ages it has been the habitation of monks and hermits, who vow never to forsake it.

§ *Mount Abyla*, one of the Pillars of Hercules, on the African shore; in a clear day may be seen from the summit of the rock of Gibraltar.

O'er Afric's shore from off th' Iberian rock,) 10
Commanding all th'horizon round, he close
Applies the sight invigorating tube,
And many a creek, and many a shore surveys,
With many a passing and repassing fleet,
In stately prospect seen : and floating round
Some solemn wrecks descrys, exciting pain.
Ev'n so the muse, with penetrating eye,
Observes the moral scene. She reads the names
Of some, recorded in the rolls of fame
By their own virtues (best remembrancers)
Secure against the wreck of time or fate.
Some has her fancy seen exalted high
Above the firmament and all the stars,
In light's unsufferable blaze ! On scenes 20
Like these she pores delighted ; but too weak
Man's mortal orbs to brook such splendid rays.
What other scenes the muse so late survey'd,
Are in full frequence seen, by all who pry
Far o'er the surge of Life's tumultuous waves—
She saw proud navies, hoisting up their flag,
High hovering, "DEFIANCE TO THE SKIES"
Like fam'd Titanian giants, bearing on,
What course Ambition or Presumption plann'd,
With daring prow, to storm the tow'rs of heaven. 30
Regardless of the laws and discipline
Of sacred Truth, and adverse to its chart ;—
Traitors to heaven's supreme anointed King !

No common fate awaits the daring deed !
From Life's fair book, behold their names eras'd !
Then see them hurl'd into the realms of night,
Beneath His ire whose sceptre they disown'd !

FROM scenes like these improvement may be gain'd,
Improvement too in virtue (choicest boon) :
For smaller gain men ransack earth and seas; 40
Oft plough the wave, and reap the sedgy weed.

INDULGE, ye gay, awhile, the serious song !
Excuse the muse if with officious care
She seek to rescue from the waste of time
Your fleeting day ; nor let her notes offend
Your nicer ear, though sometimes studious more
Of useful truth than sweetest minstrelsy.
The cooing stock-dove knows not melody ;
And yet, I oft have heard her plaintive song
Well pleas'd ; 'tis nature's voice, and nature knows
By artless notes to please the judging ear. 51
Well chosen discords add to harmony
New grace, when mingled, at fit intervals,
Skilful, among the bold resounding chords ;
Just so, the *dulce utile*, combin'd
In flowing periods, strike the feeling sense,
And gain admission to th'enamour'd soul..
All-perfect Nature form'd the human mind

Enamour'd

Enamour'd of her sweet variety,
And every variation gives delight.

So with new lustre shine the golden beams
Of Phœbus, when from forth a sable cloud
He pours his radiance o'er the silver waves,
And gleams upon the burnish'd rocks and towers.

WAKE, Inspiration! From thy sacred cell,
Rise rapt in weeds, with round thy hoary head
A cloud encircling deep its radiance : Come,
O come, and point what course by wisdom's chart
To steer, beyond the glance of vulgar eyes,
To those blest realms where Peace and Safety dwell.

PROCEED, my muse, in concert with the lute,
Or sounding lyre. Nor, ye conceited wits,
Whom none can please, condemn the sober song,
Because instruction echos in the strain :
Nor deem the muse forth wand'ring from her sphere.
Of old the holy priest and bard were one ;
Their sacred stole and office did accord.
Nor wonder the miscarriages of Life
Should animate the muse to dictate :—Still
Let modest Virtue's ear attend the lay,
While grave advice, and caution suitable,
Resulting from the former scenes, she draws.

And

And first, an obvious query she propounds
To all Life's Voyagers, of prime import.

" If such the various fates attending Life,
" And such the track by erring men purso'd,
" How shall the CHRISTIAN form his steadfast
" course?
" And bear secure, in triumph o'er them all?"

A QUERY so important to the wise,
Demands attention from my willing muse;— 90
While reason and experience both accord,
With revelation, to define the point.

THE Christian's course is oft a narrow straight
Twixt Life's besetting ills—a gloomy train!
Survey that ancient chart, and mark what rocks
Of Difficulty hugely stalk'd around!
His * expedition erst, renown'd in song,
Who steer'd illustrious from Thessalian shores,
Combating Danger in a thousand forms!
With ardent resolution fir'd, to bear 100
The golden pride of Phasis' far remote—
Which gilt th' Arcadian plains: an emblem Saint
Of what the ancient Christian dar'd t'outbrave!
His Life, though harmless and devoid of guile,
A scene of conflict with a thousand ills;

* JASON.

His

His soul, a pure receptacle of grace,
Breathing habitual courtesy and love,
Large as the ample heav'ns, was doom'd on earth
Of small account, and spurn'd by Ridicule.
Though every moral, every social flame, 110
United, shone with ardour in his breast,
An ardour felt in heav'n and cherish'd there;
Though every excellence combin'd to claim
A debt of pure regard—to merit due;
Yet, strange to tell, how often in those times
Of heathen ignorance was such a saint—
A mark for Enmity, with levell'd aim,
And aspect fierce, to throw her poison'd lance:
But see where meek and dove-like Innocence,
With ample shield, wards off the hellish darts; 120
Or forth extracting the malignant bane,
Pours in the wound the healing balm of peace!
The Christian so surmounted all their rage.
His innate guests were plain Sincerity,
Unsully'd Truth, and Conscience ever clear.
No cloud of guilt o'er cast his peaceful mind.
A conduct unimpeachable bequeath'd
A lustre o'er his life—and to his death
Renown: for Virtue never dies! Like pearls,
It shines still brighter with revolving suns— 130
Ennobled more to future ages borne!
And oft the relics have been sacred deem'd,
When dead the saint, who living was despis'd.

With

With patience, and with fortitude divine,
 The Christian has been known to weary out
 The malice of his foes; and respite gain,
 Because new means of torture there were none;
 When all that Satan could devise prov'd null,
 And all his agents shot their bolts in vain.
 Nor is it strange that one should chase a host * 140
 When GOD is on his side—to burst their bands;
 Or make his servant triumph o'er their rage:
 And though he fall—he falling wins the day.
 So fell the Nazarite in Gaza's walls;
 And swift destruction bursting o'er his foes,
 One mighty ruin overwhelm'd them all.

Nor of such ills impute the full amount
 To heathen Greece or Rome; more recent times †
 Tinctur'd with darker shades the gloomy scene.
 Survey the Christian's course few ages past:— 150
 Lo!—Pity trembles to behold afar
 Oppression's sons, by Superstition arm'd
 With bright Vulcanian swords from hell, and led
 By Persecution's horrid clans thro' scenes
 Of slaughter, blood, and flame! — These all
 combin'd,

* Deut. xxxii. 30.

† Alluding to the many horrible and bloody persecutions, inflicted under the hellish rigours of tyrannical popes and superstitious inquisitions.

To rob the Christian of his liberty
 And life—all that of him could die :—But now
 These, manacled, can only gnash their teeth,
 Not having power to bite—except the chains
 That cramp them down to the triumphal car 160
 Of liberty ! Long may they there abide,
 And curs'd be he that stoops to let them free.
 Scarce worse than those, in feats of old renown,
 Were the huge jaws of gaping Acheron *,
 Unfolding deep, Alecto to devour !
 Alecto's self, scarce more a fury frown'd !

HEAR I, or do I only deem to hear
 The dolorous plaint of some lone Voyager,
 Inquiring where the course of safety lies :—
 Intent the rocks of Danger to escape, 170
 And safely gain heaven's calm pellucid port ?
 To such a one 'tis meekly thus reply'd :—

INTENTIONS honest, and an upright aim
 Of “doing good,” and serving GOD sincere,
 As reason guides, and “pure religion” prompts,
 Procure our present and our future peace :
 Mercy and kind Benevolence, pursu'd,
 Lead up to Paradise :—chiefly regard
 “Faith and good works :” these, when adjusted well,
 Duly proportion'd in an equal scale, 180

* *Aeneas*, L. 7.

Like sail and ballast, counterpoise the storms,
 And brook the ills that human life surround :
 With Piety exalting high her sails,
 And Virtue sitting stedfast at the helm,
 Bear on, what course unerring Truth directs,
 To gain the port of peace. All such as steer
 Aright, the fair celestial beach shall gain.
 Their sacred vanes shall catch the kindly gale
 Of Heaven's complacency, and bear o'er all
 The shifting sands of Instability, 190
 The ebbs and flows that toss this various scene.

VAIN is the man, who hopes secure to steer
 O'er Life's proud billows, while devoid of grace :
 The rectitude of heavenly grace secures
 The port of heav'n. They greatly err, who steer
 Unled by genial TRUTH's unerring ray.
 Truth is our pole-star. Truth our index too *,
 Pointing the course direct to Paradise :
 No other course gives probability
 To stand aloft on the celestial beach. 200

* Parabolical and proverbial sayings are never meant to hold in all the particulars. The meaning is,

By the light of truth we pursue truth.

Dr. Young has an expression of this kind, equally foreign from critical exactness.

" I am the pilot, I thy prosp'rous gale."

THE man devoid of Truth, in Life's proud wave,
 Has lost his compass—knows not where to steer—
 A random and uncertain course he takes,
 Yet still presumes he makes his passage clear,
 Tho' danger stride the helm :—O blind to fate !
 He bears a main down to the Stygian shores ;
 And, dash'd upon the rocks of Error, sinks !—
 So wreck'd the mariner of old, when Night,
 Wrapp'd up in triple tempests, close conceal'd
 Heav'n's glorious luminaries; veiling deep 210
 The stedfast Cynosure* renown'd at sea ;
 Castor and Pollux, and the Major Bear,
 Ere yet th'attractive magnet taught what course
 To steer around Sicilian shores secure.

WOULD you, Eugenio ! covet to secure
 An interest in the MASTER OF THE STORM ?
 Invoke protection at his sacred shrine :
 Would you the sober course of safety steer ?
 Make Virtue's favourites your chosen crew; 219
 The wise, the good, th' experienc'd, and the brave ;
 Announc'd by seers, “the excellent of th'earth ;”
 Then steer with these the course the master plann'd,
 Not deviating from his sacred chart,
 And sure success shall all your course attend,
 Till safely anchor'd in the port of peace,
 You share the greetings of celestial Joy.

* A star near the North Pole.

Mean time let Prudence dictate to your ear ;
Form a true estimate of human life : O
Its ebbs, its flows, and various incidents,
Prepare against with caution : and bethinkes . 230
Weigh well each good, each ill to counterpoise
As in Astræa's balance. Meditate,
And plan the course of wisdom. Do not launch
Life's bay untutor'd, uninform'd alike
In discipline and good œconomy,
Like some high-flown intoxicated brain
Afloat on reeds in hope to cross the gulph. A
From precedent learn prudence. Keep in view
The num'rous rocks, so fatal prov'd by all
Who steer the course of bold Impiety, 240
And dare to shun their track. Be cautious ! mark
Where wise men err'd. That course avoid, intent
To glean advantage from the worst mishap
Of eminence.—Such wrecks strike up a light
Which, like a Pharos shines, full many a league;
A caution clear to shun the fatal cliff ! , i. ii. iv.
From Vice's crews bear adverse. Seek to gain
In Wisdom's chart superior excellence : i. viii.
The best avidity is wisdom's thirst ;
Herein is no excess. Be timely wise : 250
Choose an experienc'd mate : such will afford
Good ground of safety in the threat'ning storm.
Make plain Sincerity your bosom friend :

He will stand by when dangers stalk behind,
 Or threat'ning terrors meet, to shield your breast.
 Let meek-ey'd Piety your steps attend,
 While lovely Charity the cabin cheers,
 And grave Devotion keeps the closet-door,
 Dismiss all wayward passions: Such can serve
 Only to bear you adverse from the port.
 Let Magnanimity your course conduct,
 For honour waits on magnanimity.
 Let reason too your every scheme project,
 And dictate to your ear. One counsel I
 Impart; It is an oracle! attend;
 "Keep old blunt Honesty close by your side:
 "A trusty ~~tar~~ in every rugged blast:
 "So safely shall each various storm befriend;
 "And wast you bounding o'er the deep Profound;
 "Opposing rocks, in vain obstruct your course;
 "To tame your passage to the realms of Love."

With these embark'd—steer on the steady course
 Of Rectitude—own no amours, but such
 As honour vindicates; and such the eye
 Of Heaven approves, and ever will approve.
 This friendly caution, my Eugenio, mark!
 (The hint my muse appropriates to all,
 Who skill'd can read the moral of her lay)
 Veer off your course afar from Circe's haunts,
. And

And shun her gilded cup—The Cyclop's caves 280
 Not more disastrous than her gloomy cell.
 Approach not nigh the threshold of her door,
 Lest you, a hapless victim, snar'd, should fall;
 Nor rise again, but to bemoan your fate.

In every moral excellence excel,
 Or strive t'excel; Ambition's virtue here.
 With goodness wisdom, zeal with candour join;
 Courage with meekness and fidelity.
 RELIGION claims the empire of the heart,
 The open liberal heart, where Truth and Peace 290
 Erect their throne, and hold co-eval reign.
 Her lenient voice I hear admonishing,
 "With wise intent from wild extremes keep clear;
 "As from the brow of some Vulcanian cliff,
 "Pouring out fire and smoke, the mariner,
 "Aloof, bears many a league before he seems
 "Secure. Affect no singularities,
 "Or innovations, in Theology;
 "And no vainglorious track to fame pursue,
 "Like some who in the airy regions tour 300
 "To fix th' astonish'd multitudes agape,
 "As though they coasted heaven*!—How far
 "below

* Nil mortalibus arduum est;
 Cœlum ipsum petimus stultitia. Hor.

" When, like the falling-lark, they sudden drop,
 " And fractur'd skulls conclude th' amazing scene.
 " So bold eccentric flights are hazardous,
 " Pursu'd, beyond the certain bounds of Truth,
 " To Speculation's airy pinnacle;—
 " Then boundless errors in full prospect glare!"

IMAGINATION vain would strive to build up
 Another Babel to o'er top the clouds,
 And lift us to the regions of the sky!
 But when we wake, and Reason reassumes
 Her native seat, the fabric proves a dream:
 The airy visions die.—Keep footing firm,
 Plume no presumptuous wing till Providence
 Looks down, and lifts you up: Till then, presume
 No wild fanatic flights to enterprise
 With giddy Fancy or with Novelty:
 Though firm the head, by soaring to obtain
 Some signal eminence—thence poring down,
 A dizziness ensues—and oft a fall.
 So fell Apollo's image, rais'd at Rhodes
 By Chares to command the voice of Fame,
 And Earth in deep convulsions trembled round:

LAUNCH forth, Eugenio, with a brave intent
 To seize that distant port, * whence trafficking

* — Fortiter occupa
Portum. HOR.

We gain illustrious treasures, of a cast
 What India's glitt'ring gems as far outvies
 As pearls outshine the pebbles on the shore.
 Ply every oar, and hoist up every sail, 330
 To make the port where WISDOM sits supreme ;
 And buy her merchandize—A matchless freight
 For future years, and ages yet to come !
 Wisdom is far more durable than pearls :
 Of higher worth than all the silver mines
 Of rich Peru :—More delicate her sweets,
 More grateful to the soul, than to the sense 1
 Delicious fruits, or odorous gums, that breathe
 Their spicy gales from fragrant Araby †,
 Her mart abounds, surpassing all on earth,
 With riches durable, unfading gems,
 And delicacies of immortal gust,
 The ornament and fare of all her sons.
 —Saw you yon fleet of worthies * launch'd before ?
 Their chart observe—and steer for Wisdom's port ;
 Nor fear, like them to gain th'illustrious mart.
 Like them, let Fortitude, with helmet firm,
 Protect your brow, and Patience shield your breast.
 With such concomitants you safely steer,
 Superior to the insults of the foe ! 350

† Arabia Felix.

* Alluding to the laudable examples of such, who, in their lives, have been eminent for goodness and virtue.

Pirates, a hellish train! may chance t'alarm; 217
Your treasure lies secure beyond them all, 221, 225
Hid * in the haven where the bless'd repose. 229, 233
—There loud conflicting tempests, and alarms 237, 241
To combat cease; and all the train of wrongs, 245
And dark disastrous ills, disturb no more, 251, 255
Which in Life's Voyage prove the lot of all. 260

Nor are our bolder sex expos'd alone
To bear the insult of Life's rugged blast;
Or worse, expos'd to the more treach'rous gust
Of proud Prosperity's delusive gale:
In each alike, the softer sex combine
To face the dangers, and sustain the toils,
To court Life's pleasures—and support its ills.

PARDON the muse, ye soul-inspiring Fair,
If she, regardful of your welfare, sing
Full cautious, knowing well your mother Eve,
Though fair, and fortify'd in every part,
As any of her gayest daughters err'd

As any of her gayest daughters, err'd.

Believe the muse; none are infallible.

From her no stain your delicacy, dreads,

Not shall her counsels pain your nice ear.

Isaiah 28:16, "Behold, I will exalt you above the heights of the mountains; I will make you like the towers of Jerusalem."

St. Paul. *Qui quod ex eis est nullum est*

三

DOTH

DOETH Pleasure * woo with her attractive charms
 Your sanguine heart, Haughtilla ? There she stands,
 Ah me, smiling delectable ! But why
 Must treach'rous Vice sit pilot at the helm ?
 I see, aloft on deck, a medley train
 Of fond attendants, Vanity the prime ;
 Convivial Joy with eyes emitting fire,
 And laughter-loving Mirth with social glee, 380
 And prompt Deception glib with flatt'ring lies !
 But hammock'd under deck, you may descry
 Lank Penury, Remorse, corroding Grief
 Sullen and sad, with sable Melancholy,
 Pouring many a plaint :—and of their train
 Perchance are frantic Fury and Despair !
 All these are PLEASURE's mix'd concomitants,
 In tatter'd weeds—or silken vestments clad,
 Carousing to the mood of various airs,
 Alternately, as Grief or Joy inspires. 390
 But Happiness, immortal Pleasure's mate,
 Never sets foot on deck where these reside.

* Dr. Young, in his Night Thoughts, has represented the pleasure resulting from Virtue in a most ingenuous manner. The Author hopes, at least, to escape censure for this friendly effort, to caution and guide the inexperienced youth against the pleasures of Vice. And surely the love of this prevailing passion cannot be too warily cautions against, by every well-wisher to the welfare of society, every lover of the interests of either sex.

Their queen * I censure—yet of treason clear;
 And thus, in brief, her pedigree relate.
 Deriv'd from Comus, of Circean line,
 Nurs'd up by Vice, and tutor'd by Deceit,
 She seems at distance sprightly, playful, gay,
 With smiling looks, and amorous tresses grac'd;
 But he that views her with a curious eye,
 Surveys the quiver with the poison'd darts, 400
 And shuns her gilded lures: yet Pleasure still,
 In potent charms and am'rous descants skill'd,
 Gains half the world her ardent votaries,
 And strives to reign with universal sway!
 No sceptred queen such wide dominion claims.
 She beckons to the gay; they smile applause:
 The young, the old, the rich, the poor, invoke
 Her smiles. The poet and the priest I've seen,
 Obsequious to her nod, pursue. And now,
 The Wanton her addresses pays to you— 410
 Soliciting Haughtilla to her arms
 With gentle and insinuating airs!
 So have I seen the wanton § ivy twine
 Around the stately oak with amorous arms;
 The stately oak has faded in th'embraice! 420
 And dare you smile consent? I fear you will!
 * Pleasure. § Ivy was used to entwine the Bacchanalian wreaths; hence the epithet, *wanton*, is significantly applied to it.

Fond inclination prompts you on. But know,
Gay nymph, 'tis often fatal to approve !
What though her vessel glides on yonder stream,
Where not a gust the easy lapse disturbs, 420
Where not a wave alarms your sleeping fears :
To tempt you on she spreads her silken sails
Before the gentle gale, and artless scorns
To promise what the gods themselves bestow,
True happiness, and full substantial bliss—
She boasts an overflowing cup of joy !
Believe her not, nor listen to her tale.
Reject her soft insinuating airs,
And fortify your soul against such charms.
Coasting the confines of the gloomy grave, 430
She smoothly glides—her crews untimely sink,
Like leaves in summer by the sportive winds
Rifled when green, and borne afloat the stream ;
Or fruit, which drops ere the glad vintage smile !

In Pleasure's mirror, frequent poring, we,
Anticipating joys, exulting, seem
Just on the verge of Amaranthine bowers !
Inverted objects, skill'd, she shews afar
With dazzling glitter ; soon as we approach, 440
The golden varnish fades—the phantom flies,
And, flying, mocks our ardent hopes and fears !
The false-deception then we rue too late,

When loss and disappointment chide our choice,
Or shame and sorrow overwhelm the soul.

A MOMENT yet, Haughtilla, lend thine ear;
My faithful muse shall sing no syren-song:
'T were safe to shun the sweetest bed of flow'rs,
To pluck no rose, nor glance the eye that way,
Did we suspect the cockatrice* conceal'd:
So Prudence warns you to avoid the snare. 450
Yet Pleasure still awaits the grand event,
With seeming confidence of sure success!
(Success, when often gain'd, makes hope grow vain,
And probability become presumption)
Her gilded bark there ready floats, intent
To wait on deck the trippings of your feet!
You seem, Haughtilla, bent to risk ere long,
The desperate adventure! Know betimes,
Soon as you stand on deck, fond as you seem,
The laughing joys will pout in sullen mood, 460
And guardian Angels drop a silent tear.
Soon as she gains the prize, the Syren glides
Light floating o'er the liquid flood, as swift
As when the arrow cleaves the yielding air,
And leaves no trace behind—So swift she bears
Her hopeless freight inglorious to the deeps.

* A serpent, the poison of which is of so penetrating a nature, that the sight of its eyes hath been held to be fatal to the beholder. *No drowsy to a world old 22. qm. II W*

I heard her captives sigh, with heaving breast
 And flowing eyes—“To happiness and peace,
 “And innate joy, a long, a last adieu.”
 —The proud and arrogant are soonest gain’d, 470
 And such as run in folly’s giddy round,
 And vanity’s fantastic chace pursue:—
 Such are her crews; she boasts no conquests higher.
 And are you still intent their fate to share?
 Forbear t’admire that proud “perfidious bark,”
 That only steers the course from happiness:—
 Be cautious, nymph! Your reasoning pow’rs collect,
 While now the muse predicts the Syren’s fate,
 And gives to Recollection all the scene:
 She sees the sullen hour advancing swift, 480
 When all those gallant crews, to pleasure’s tone,
 And that enchanted bark, where they so blithe
 Carous’d with many a glance of wanton joy,
 Deep sounding in Corruption’s Gulph, sink down,
 No more to rise—till Nature’s final doom.
 Impute not this to spleen, or folly’s charge,
 Haughtiness! O! be wise while Time permits,
 And friendly couldest cautions you from harm.

Nor let Lavinia over-much confide
 In beauty’s transient charms. Beauty! a fair 490
 But fading flow’r confess. The canker-worm
 Preys on the root; and hoary time, ere long,
 Will nip its blossoms, or pluck off its fruit!

What though the sprightly eye, full fraught with
 fire
And sensibility, command our love
And just esteem—though on each winning smile—
A sweet attractive grace fit high enthron'd,
With twice ten thousand Cupids glancing round,
And perfect symmetry of parts complete
The polish'd structure!—Soon, ah, very soon, 500
Like fair Athenian Temples, once admir'd,
The short-liv'd structure totters on its base,
And falls a heap of ruins!—Not a trace
Of its primeval beauty now appears
To stay the traveller who passes by.
If o'er the relics stands a monument,
In trust to testify its claim to fame,
What is the full amount of all its tale,
But what that silent urn well testifies,
That “dust to dust” shuts up Life's fairest scenes?
—Of beauty, riches, honour, this the end: 511
Of human grandeur, this the full amount:

Would you, Lucinda, gain those bright abodes
Where all is permanent—where never fade
The rose of beauty and the bloom of youth?
Say, would you now triumphantly transcend
The dire opposing ills, besetting Life?
With rough assail, regardless of your charms?

* Psalm cxliv. 12.

The latent rocks, and fluctuating tides, I
The blasts of fortune, and the wrecks of time, 520
Would you surmount, secure from fear of ill; W
And with lone Safety, guardian at your side,
Gain the fair haven of Felicity? T
Would you be happy and completely blest
Beneath the sure protection of high Heaven? .
Let Patience * shield your breast—that lovely breast
With Virtue's golden zone begirt secure—
Like the "King's Daughter," gloriously attir'd A
In Charity's celestial drapery,
And pure Devotion's spotless robes, stand forth 530
A Vestal pure, to wait the "Bridegroom's" call.—
While Piety pervades the heart—you there
More in reality than shew possess.
No affectation or formality,
No ostentatious, no disgusting airs
Are known in you to raise the redd'ning blush I
Of pity and disdain. You cast the veil W
Of kind compassion o'er the ills of Life,
And study how to mitigate its smart:
Attentive ever to the plaints of woe, 540
You heal th'afflicted, cheer the hungry poor,

* The following sentiment of Horace deserves to be treasured up in every memory,

— Sed levius fit patientia.

Quidquid corrigeret est nescia.

Pour

Pour down the balm of kindness, in distress; *
 And give to friendship its sublimest joy. 540
 With these endowments signaliz'd, and bless'd,
 Be at your chiefest care, with prudent skill,
 To trim the vital part:—So shall your lamp
 The light of truth lack never. 545
 Attend to sage advice. I know your ears
 Ever attentive are to Wisdom's lay. 550
 Permit the muse to dictate; she means well,
 And deems LUCINDA's welfare all her own;
 Be yours the durable bequests of Heaven,
 The riches which will bide when fleeting Time,
 Has drawn the curtain, and disclos'd to view,
 The grand, till then, inexplicable scene! 555
 Be all your choicest portion in the skies
 Kept in reversion for that future state;
 Be all your mental treasures close conceal'd
 From each contracted mind; but known to those
 Who know such worth for ever to admire. 560
 As misers, when possesst of precious stores,
 Will not expose them full to public view,
~~I~~ they should lose their idols: thus do you.
 In all the hidden treasures of the heart,
 Approve yourself to God, then to the world,
 By upright conduct and an heart sincere. 565

* Alluding to Matt. xxv. 7. The mind is more ennobled by internal than external excellency; morality commends our outward conduct, while faith and love adorn the soul.

An heart the residence of all that's lovely;
 True to your friend, in ever cordial league,
 And kind to all—the pattern is divine ⁵⁷⁰
 'Tis emulation kindled deep in heaven.
 For while *unkindness*, like the barren tree,
 Withers beneath the curse +—justly abhor'd
 Of God and man; the heart where kindness dwells
 Expands, and blossoms, and abounds in fruit
 Grateful to heav'n, and sav'ry to the world;
 And finds that "doing good" is happiness.
 Thus happy shall Lucinda long remain.
 While meek humility, devoid of guile,
 And gentle, cordial affability,
 And ever-smiling peace her steps surround ⁵⁸⁰
 These, better than a sevenfold shield, will guard
 That virtue, which shall shine when Time expires,
 That goodness which shall live when heav'n decays!
 Such Charity as yours is oft admir'd;
 And such God's eye beholds with approbation,
 Springing from motives Heaven itself inspires.

Of every sex and age, of all degrees,
 The heirs of VIRTUE are the truly great.

* Psalm. cxlv. 9. Pythagoras being asked, In what man could resemble Divinity, justly answered, *in ipsius amicis*, *sicut etiam aliis suarum*.
 " In beneficence and truth."

+ Mark xi. 21.

; Psalm. ciii. 25, 26.

Such fairer trophies win—and higher soar,
Than those who gain the loftiest eminence
Of earthly splendor:—hoisting thence their flag, A
High waving to the skies!—If not alike
In goodness eminent;—some fatal blast,
Untimely hurls them down; precipitant,
Like Lucifer, to fall, and rise no more;

such as abndod bat, and told his chnqxd
“Now art thou cast out from me, because thou hast
done that which I spake not.” And he said unto him
—“I am not guilty of a word. It is thou qd said it
when I did nothing.” And he said unto him, “I have
seen thy works, that they are not of God. Then said
Jesus unto him, “Thou art a spirit, and thou aby
not flesh and blood, and thou canst not enter into the
kingdom of God. And he said unto him, “Lord, I believe;
help thou my unbelief.” And Jesus said unto him, “Thy
faith shall save thee.” And he was dñe, and went away
gloriying in himself, that he found Jesus a heretic, and
that he had not received his commandments.

“O earth, how hard is thy blindness!
The eyes of a nation are darkened,

“Because they have turned away their faces
from me. They have rejected me, they have despised
my ways, they have abhorred my counsel, they have
reprobated my reproofs, they have despised my
warning, they have despised my rebuke, they have
despised my rebuke, they have despised my rebuke,

“In presumption, in hardness of heart,

THE VAGUENESS

T H E

VOYAGE OF LIFE.

BOOK V.

THE ARGUMENT.

Introductory Comparison—and Reflections. The manifest Folly of neglecting the early Improvement of the Mind considered in different Views, and the Advantages resulting from the opposite Practice—with its Importance to our Present and Future States asserted. Education and Religion Pearls of great Price. Knowledge—its Growth illustrated by a Simile—Application and Humility profitable for the Acquisition of it—Resolution and Perseverance necessary to its Improvement and Perfection. Hope—her Attitude described—her Address to Men. Remarks on Prosperity and Adversity—a Caution to moderate our Wishes exemplified in the Case of a homebound Mariner. A Tale. The Downfall of Oppression, as it respects the Slave Trade—Incitement to Mercy. Concluding Address to a young Student, with Strictures on Fornication.

THE

VOYAGE OF LIFE.

BOOK V.

AS when the mate of some nigh-sounder'd bark,
Bound on a voyage o'er th' Atlantic, scarce
Arriv'd half-way between the continents,
Beholds with joy a verdant ille, with springs
And fountains west, where he may gain supplies
From the fresh fluid element, may breathe
A purer air, and a short respite find
From the fatigues and incidents which late
Alarm'd at sea, and thither bends his course
To furnish and repair for what remains
Of his precarious voyage,—So I deem
Myself to have succeeded half-way through

My

My destin'd course, with toil, and constant care.
And some success ; though not exempt from fears
And perils which attend sea-faring men ;
Nor poets less !—Here, in a silent nook
For contemplation form'd, I rest awhile,
And time my harp, which is not yet unstrung,
To softer notes upon the silent beach.—
Here let me some small respite gain, from all 20
The full' storm which agitate the deep.

PURSUE the theme. Spontaneous thoughts arise,
Unsung to vocal and Arcadian reeds :
And truths of moral and divine import
Remain untold by old Mæonides—
Or Britain's glorious bard, of equal fate,
And equal majesty. And strains there are
Untouch'd by rapid Pindar's daring hand ;
Or by the Mantuan's majestic lyre.
But who in this inglorious age, though pens 30
Innumerable ply the study, gains
A seat of eminence beneath the dome
Of Fame's fair temple, near those godlike men,
Or rivals half their praise ?—My muse forbear,
Lest some aspiring bard should cast a frown !
Pardon the muse, ye tow'ring bards, austere
To censure every measure but your own,
Can she offend in citing hallow'd names,
Not daring to insult their sacred urns,

Or

Or snatch a laurel from their awful brows? 40
No: let me pluck it from the muses bower,
Or die without a wreath! No plagiary
Was ever of her train.—Not sinking low
To mediocrity, I meet my lot.
Content.—If Genius durst approve the lay,
And Virtue smiling claim it for her own,
Of other cares my muse makes small account. 53
She, silly spinster! softly treads the steep
Of sun'd Parnassus, sure and slow, in hope
To gain superior heights:—despairing still
To reach the top, which high o'erlooks the clouds!
How clear the head, how fortify'd the breast,
That durst aspire, with resolution firm,
To gain those roseate bowers, the muses haunts,
And lave beside the pure Pierian springs,
Till metamorphos'd to a bard, and seal'd
With immortality! A privilege
Rarely on mortal man bestow'd:—As rare
Urania's smiles * we gain!—'Twere insolent
To offer incense at the muses shrine 60
With hands unhallow'd—and with lips profane,
Which never tasted of the sacred fount
That down Parnassus sides, in lucid streams,

* Smiles is here introduced as a mark of approbation. Milton styles this muse, in the exalted sense of the word Αὐτὸς τὸ εἶδος, his "celestial patroness":—not merely a child of the imagination; but the same with "Wisdom," the muse of the Hebrew bards.

Soft gurgling flows—clear as Siloam's pool—
 Though puddled oft by many a driv'ling bard,
 Whose steps be branded where such track appears!
 When such attune the lute, let none but Vice
 And all her prancing Centaur troops stand near!
 The music of a pipe profane sounds worse
 In Clio's ear, than old Medusa's snakes
 Striking in concert to Apollo's lyre.
 The muses' pleas'd, approve of numbers chaste,
 And are to sons of Virtue most inclin'd.

PROCEED, my vocal shell—intent to sing,
 How much the early cultivated mind,
 Where knowledge and true virtue spring, secures
 Its future welfare—and obtains renown!
 This gives our present hopes t'anticipate
 Fruition; this remains invariably,
 Through all the wide vicissitudes of Life,
 The praise of youth, the pride of riper age,
 The only solace of declining years.

LIFE, if neglected in its golden prime
 Of days, if unimprov'd its early dawn,
 In tilling deep, breaking the stubborn soil,

* Dicta est musica, quod draconis in ejus Gorgone ad ieiunum citharae tinnitu resonabant. PLIN. Nat. Hist. L. 346. 8

And sowing seeds of virtue—all its tale
Amounts to vanity ! What, like the wreaths
Sprung from the hand of Youthful Industry,
Can crown our hoary age with laurels green,
And never-fading bays ? Sweet Youth attend ! 90
When your prime season's past (and soon 'tis past)
A later harvest gives to Winter storms,
And hyperborean blasts, your ravag'd stores ;
Or yields a rank increase of noxious weeds
And bitter fruits, the wretched growth of some
Unkindly and ungracious soil ; like those
Tradition says once sprang where Sodom fell.

Who sows in Winter may expect a crop ;
But Disappointment shall reward his toil,
And chide his folly with severity, 100
When Poverty anon comes armed in ! *
Impairs his scanty viands day by day,
Till quite bereav'd his soul of present good ;
And for the future, scarce of hope remains,
A gleam to cheer the gloomy night of wo !

THE mind uncultivated, and unsprauht
With knowledge—and with Virtue's stores, becomes
A dreary waste—a barren wilderness,
Far worse than Lybia's howling desarts ! Worse
Than torrid climes where Desolation reigns ! 110

* Prov. xxiv. 34.

And fails to yield one bud of real joy; it gives but
One opening blossom of pure chaste delight!

ON early wisdom future joys depend:
Be timely wise, and be for ever bless'd!
'Tis Wisdom plans the course to happiness
And ever-blooming peace—She paves the way
To all the plenitude of innate joy,
Which like a golden vintage glads the heart,
And overflows the cup with genial cheer.
Nor wine and oil more grateful to the taste
Of sensual appetite, than to the wise,
Wisdom, and her unlavish'd sweets. She pours
Immortal nectar in the cup of Joy!
The more we quaff, the more we thirst to drain
Her copious bowl—which none can fathom e'er.
Who early gain, and treasure well, the stores
Of pure unlavish'd wisdom, they are rich;
They too their fruit shall long possess—long reap
The golden harvest, with exulting joy;
And, late returning, tread the steep of Life,
All sure and slow, bearing their nodding sheaves
Along in fair succession, till possest
Of yon celestial arbory, where fruits
Ambrosial blush unfading tints, and breathe
Unminish'd sweets in ever fragrant gales—
When gain'd the high celestial arbory;

Their

Their stores, once treasur'd there, shall all remain
 Untarnish'd, uncorroded, and abide
 In safe security from prowling thieves,
 From nightly robbers—and insulting harms. 140

YOUTH is a jewel of divinest worth !
 A sanctuary of supreme delights !
 In it, soft smiling joy and rosy health
 Deceive the swift wing'd hours ! And constant peace
 Flows, like Meander, thro' each various maze,
 Down from the rising to the setting sun !
 The recollection of those early joys,
 Now fled, in part, for manlier pursuits,
 Still casts an iris o'er my mind, and breathes
 A gale of Paradise into the soul ! 150
I once was bless'd with such a fragrant plant
 As angels took delight in * ; but ere while
 My blooming flow'r was snatch'd from this cold soil :
 Transplanted in the Paradise of God,
 Fast by the fount of Life ! There it acquires
 Immortal vigour and unfading bloom.

YOUTH is the field in which to sow the seeds
 Of Education—which supplant the thorns
 And briars, springing in our native soil :
 It is the golden opportunity, 160

* Matt. xviii. 10.

In which to traffic for the precious pearl,
Of highest price—which gain'd, enriches so
The fortunate possessor, as to give
The most enchanting prospect short of heaven.

KNOWLEDGE, when gain'd will recompense
our toil :

But he who most has gain'd may still proceed,
And, by an ardent application, rise
To greater heights—and higher still ascend,
Like yonder stately Pine, that shoots its roots
Still deeper in the kindly soil, and drinks 170
Insatiate by the soft meand'ring stream,
Spreading its tow'ring branches in the skies !
Then Knowledge grows, when to its deepening root
Humility bestows fresh soil, and lops
Luxuriant shoots, with an unsparing hand,
Nor is the ardent application vain ;
For probability attends on hope :
And hope to application proves a spur.
Through difficulty things of worth are gain'd :
And Resolution seldom's known to fail. 180
It fixes bounds to Ocean's rage ! It bears
O'er continents, canal'd from sea to sea,
The stores of Commerce, won by Industry !
It penetrates the disembowel'd earth,
And scales the cope of heav'n ! nor brazen walls,

Nor

Nor bright Vulcanian shields, can stand before

Th'intrepid aim of Resolution ! Firmer

It grasps its purpose, and the end obtains,

'Tis Resolution forms the man of worth

In every line of excellence. 'Tis this 190

Confers heroic honours in the field—

And gives the student courage to proceed,

Intent on no less ardent enterprize ! . . .

'Tis Resolution forms the Christian too ;

Arms him with helmet, shield, and sword divine ;

And fixes on his head the starry crown !

Who stops at difficulties, shoots beside

His mark : the prize is not for him : 'tis for

The Veteran, who like Achilles arm'd,

Invulnerable, never quits the field 200

Till Victory sits plum'd upon his helm !

Life is a warfare : Virtue is a race :

With Resolution start, and gain the goal !

'Tis Resolution tunes the poets reed :

Entwines the verdant laurel for his brow—

And leads the man of Science to the door

Of that high polish'd Temple, rais'd by Fame ;

And Wisdom lets him in. Who would succeed

In knowledge, and in Virtue's course obtain,

In early life, superior excellence, 210

Must launch with Resolution, and steer on

With Perseverance—till Death shuts the scene.

The mariner, whose idol is his gold,

Intent to speed, desists not in his course,
Though Eurus musters many an adverse blast :
Knowing that milder gales succeed the storm,
He hopes to gain the port :—and oft the port
He gains. Success attends on diligence.
Storms must be weather'd to obtain our port :
But while the Master's in the ship—we speed ! 220
He stills the tempest or o'errules the storm,
And safely guards from each impending ill.
Though rocks of Difficulty rear in view,
It amply pays the cost, with future gain,
T'explore the scientific deeps, in search
Of Wisdom's lore : But of all wisdom, that
Which points to an hereafter is the prime,
And well secures the high celestial stake—
Be that our first regard :—No balm like that
Can sooth the drooping heart, and cheer the sight
With pleasing prospects of unfading bliss. 231
That wisdom never fails us in the end,
Though in this Life it meet not full reward.—
When all the skilful means are try'd that art
And vigilance acquire—Success attends
On second causes, and is doubtful still
In reference to transitory things :
But in respect of the celestial prize,
Who fail with wisdom shipwreck cannot make ;
And, persevering, shall obtain the port. 240

MEANTIME, in Providence reposing hope,
We gain the pledge of Heaven's security :
For Hope will not desert us, but remain,
Hid in the closet of the human breast * ;
A treasure richer far than that bestow'd
On high Olympus' brow, when goddesses,
Unveil'd, contended for the fatal fruit.
And hope in Providence ne'er disappoints
Our sober expectations. Heaven shall fade
Before the promises, those golden fruits 250
For which the Christian breathes his ardent hopes,
Shall fail.—High on a rock of adamant
HOPE stands secure; and with uplifted hand,
She holds a golden chain—descending far
From its celestial anchor in the skies,
And thence directs it down to man :—while Faith
Calls him to lift his hand, and seize the prize !

WHILE Life's preposterous voyagers employ
Their idle cares and studies, how to pass
The narrow Frith with elevated pomp, 260
And lade their gaudy bark with yellow clay—
Which only sinks them deeper in the storm,

* Significant is the fab'e of Pandora's Box, when applied to the Ills of Life ; for still, hope remains under all, the only near-sure and solace of the human heart.

HOPE still is seen on deck :—Deserting these,
Whose expectations rise from other views—
Who seek her not, she turns aside to those
Who, toss'd and weatherbeaten, and nigh wreck'd
In Life's proud wave, have sought Religion's aid,
And with a voice more gentle than the sound
Of breathing zephyrs, whispers to their ear,
“ Though turgid now the wave, and rough the
“ storm; ”

270

“ A milder gale to-morrow may succeed,
“ And waft you to the port. Fix high your hopes :
“ While earthly hopes are vain, there is a hope,
“ That never fails, and never disappoints :
“ Its language is, Fix not too great a weight
“ On earthly happiness—that vessel leaks !
“ But with Religion you embark secure :
“ And come the worst that may, Life's ills are
“ short ;
“ A blast that soon subsides. Your port is nigh,
“ And Death the pilot—dread not his alarm, ” 280
“ Soon bears you to your port. Look up, and see
“ Regions of pure serenity on high
“ Invite your weary feet to land secure,
“ Where distant evils can no more invade.”
Such is the voice of Hope, deriv'd from heaven :
But earthly hopes are fleeting as a shade,
And often mock our expectations vain.

PROSPERITY to woo with ardent suit,
 But gain adversity, a peevish mate,
 Is oft the lot of Life—or at the most 290
 To seize the hand of disappointment chill,
 And starve in its embrace! Full well I know
 Great expectations prove disastrous:—These
 Add pond'rous weight to fickle Fortune's scale;
 And should it turn against us, we're undone.
 With hopes abridg'd, * we seldom fare the worse;
 But boundless wishes tend to make us poor.
 Great expectations oft in sorrow end;
 And disappointments in remorse or ruin.
 So far'd a mariner—posset of gold, 300
 And home returning with a bounding prow;
 In hope, exulting soon to meet his friends
 Secure on shore—when lo, some sullen gust,
 Ill-fated, struck his gallant Gondola †
 Against a rock—and split in sight of Port—
 A painful scene! Such frequent proves the fate
 Of unreflecting youth, who green dare launch
 Into Life's bay, with hopes of high success:
 Unstable as the waves!—they steer amain—
 Till sad experience oft is heard too late, 310

* Sipias——et spatio brevi
 Spem longam recesser. HOR.

† Gondola is not designed here for a Venetian boat, but the name of a ship.

Remonstrating—"Take prudence in the ship,
And steer with caution:"—Destitute of these,
Young Tyro bears down with the rapid tide,
And meets the gulph, wide yawning for its prey !

I KNEW a Youth, of humble parents born
Yet not of mean descent, nearly ally'd
To sacerdotal rev'rence. But to him
Sinall privilege the consecrated line :
For what can even titles recommend,
If means be wanting to support their claim ? 320
—Shall I, or censure or commend the race
Of priestly casuists, who frequently
Upon themselves bequeath their legacies,
Not leaving place for law-suits, and debates,
And caveats, and appeals to discompose
Their dust (like her at Endor) when they sleep ;
Nor yet deprive their families of peace ?
Such trust in Providence, such hope have they,
The present day consumes their lavish stores,
Nor leaves the manna to grow stale to-morrow. 330
One privilege alone, the virtuous youth
Whose fate I sing from such alliance gain'd ;
His education 'twas :—a precious pearl !
Which in itself transcends the worth of crowns.
With this, but empty purse—now grown to years
Of riper manhood,—conscious of his worth,
He sped on foot an hundred miles twice told,

To

To the metropolis, to cast a die
 For fickle Fortune—and invoke her smiles.
 But Fortune—wretched arbitress*! pour'd down 340
 Her treasures round the grov'ling crouds, whose eye
 Scarce comprehends twice the circumference
 Of th'owl's, or bat's, or of the delving mole's!
 —So Jupiter in golden show'rs came down †,
 And found the bosom, kept by centinels,
 Open to such embrace! Who flies from gold ‡?
 Yet on the Youth whose artless tale I tell,
 Not one propitious genius deign'd to show'r.
 —The noisy Town now gain'd, he had no friend
 To comment on his worth—a name unknown 350
 To recommend, or “take the stranger in.”
 To earn the needful meal his tender hands,
 Form'd for the finer arts, must ply rough toil:
 His frame, too delicate, must bend beneath
 The pressure of calamity! I feel
 Commiseration waking in my heart
 At such distress—But chance awaits on all. §

* Horace wisely remarks,
 ——— hinc apicem rapax

Fortuna cum stridore acuto
 Sustulit; hic posuisse gaudet.

† Hor. Carm. L. iii. 16.

‡ Miss. äfsliga fläktar. ANAC.

§ Eccl. ix. 11.

Humanity had well-nigh bled t'have seen
A hopeful Youth, who leant on Virtue's breast,
Whose growing talents silent claim'd regard— 360
Chain'd down by sad necessity—expos'd
To all the ravages of grief and care,
Press'd hard by Disappointment's galling yoke,
And push'd beside the churl mechanic's door !
Such sight might make e'en Hatred drop a tear.
But fate shuts up the scene. Too much it prov'd
For him to grapple long with such distress.
And though his merit, after tedious months,
Much like the lustre of bright Hesperus,
Seen through autumnal mists, began to shine, 370
And recommend him to a gen'rous Soul
Who liv'd to raise such objects into life
And liberty :—divine intent ! Yet still,
His merit found below but short reward.
Merit, like golden mines, lies deep conceal'd ;
And is not soon descry'd, but by the wise :
These hold the treasure sacred, when 'tis found,
And place it next their heart !—So far'd the youth
Whom Recollection fixes in my eye ?
Now having gain'd a seat of eminence, 380
At least compar'd with his late humble state,
His shoulders from the galling yoke were eas'd :
He bore the lighter pen : a weapon which
He dexterously could wield. Reviving hope

Begun

Began once more to shoot forth blossoms—while
 Fair promises and patronage smil'd on him.
 Too late, alas ! these lent their kindly aids :
 And Fortune now ill-tim'd addresses paid !
 Distress had on his vitals prey'd so deep,
 That Æsculapian art could not restore 390
 The springs and movements into harmony.
 Crush'd by too great a weight of sorrow—soon
 He now relinquish'd life, by Heav'n's decree *,
 And slipp'd behind the scenes to seek repose..

FULL many a mighty mind, in idle quest
 Of honour's airy bubble, hoisting sails,
 Aloft, to gain the glittering port of Wealth
 By many an arduous enterprize, and reach
 Ambition's loftiest pinnacle—anon
 Slips from his elevated station down, 400
 Swift as a meteor glancing thro' the sky !

AMBITION's daring sons durst oft aspire
 To gain superior heights ;—not in the paths
 Of Science and true honour, up the steep
 And smooth ascent to fame ; but opposite,
 'To climb the craggy pitch of Avarice,
 And gain the summit of Oppression ! where,
 In meditation fix'd, to prosecute
 Their worse than diabolical designs

* Gen. iii. 18.

On India's, or on Guinea's distant shores; 410
 From cursed lust of gold to butcher men,
 And make a merchandize of human sinews,
 Inthralling those whom God created free!—
 The muse with eagle eye, pursues their track;
 And, if her impulse prove true prophecy,
 Justice will soon pursue them for its prey,
 And give the wretches, whom humanity*
 And mercy have deserted, recompense,
 According to the measure of their deeds:
 If Time doth not—Futurity hath sworn, 420
 With a determin'd aspect, to confer.
 Slavery complete as theirs—and hellish chains.
 More innocent, and equally as mad,
 Were the ambition of the Roman chief †
 To ride on horseback o'er the raging gulph:
 Or of the Persian ‡ Prince, whose frantic zeal
 Would scourge the Dardanelles, and feign to bind
 The wild waves in a chain. Time yet will come,

* The enormities committed by the blacks in the island of St. Domingo, has been imputed by interested men to "a false philosophy; which, to gratify the vanity of its professors, and under the mask of humanity, had almost ruined the colony." But, in the impartial account of reason and equity, those evils may rather be imputed to the extreme rigours and horrid cruelties so frequently inflicted by unfeeling savages (with white skins) over their sable brethren, their unhappy slaves.

† Caligula.

‡ Xerxes.

When each mad effort of ambitious men,
T'oppress the innocent, shall prove as vain. 430
GREAT GOD OF HOSTS! burst all their iron bands,
And set the sable captive exiles free !
I venerate the friend of human slaves,
In whose large heart humanity presides,
And prompts the ardent wish—in effort still,
To see each honest hand at liberty,
And every man within the reach of right:
For this, so noble effort, I predict
The name of WILBERFORCE shall live to late
Posterities: his fame shall ne'er expire. 440

LEARN hence, each blooming gentle youth,
betimes

To exercise compassion;—due to all
Who combat with distress. Let Tenderness
Sit brooding in your heart: She can create
Something equivalent to angels here!
If born beneath th'auspicious smiles of wealth,
O spare unfortunate Calamity,
Reduc'd from affluence to low estate,
The pains to pour its plaint. There still presides
A delicacy in such breasts, unknown 450
To vulgar minds. Meet their request half-way;
And screen from cold the shivering limbs,
Perhaps as delicately form'd as thine.

Relieve

Relieve the breast from anguish, which was made
To feel with tenderness ; and to participate
Paternal cares—as vigilant as thine !
Double thy liberalities to such
Unfortunate, and make their heart to feel,
At least, a momentary gleam of joy !
Reflect that in the unabating round 460.
Of Fortune's rapid wheel, the lot may turn ;
And thy own fortune's heirs solicit theirs !
The mind that's early form'd to sympathy
And gentle deeds, bids fair in future years
For every high achievement of renown.

FOR once, my young philosopher and friend,
Attend the muse ! each muse attends on you—
From long experience, I can this aver ;
The counsel of a trusty friend is like
A balm extracted from the Tree of Life ; 470.
And proves a cheering cordial to the soul.
The muse your plaudit values ; yet still more
Your welfare she prefers —ambitious most
To gain applause that will not soon decay !
From deeper studies, you perchance may find
A moment's relaxation with her strain.
Were she to sing your worth, the lute must fail,
And eloquence must sink a strain too low.—
Your wide extended genius, branching high,

As in the sacred vision—young of root, 480
The more perhaps may need the pruning hand,
To lop luxuriant shoots with kindly care,
And aid the growth of such as rise aright,
Lest some malignant blast should timeless tear
Up by the roots the stately stem, and blast
Our hope of fruit.—The muse's friendly voice
And well-meant documents attentive hear :
Yet once again, her tribute deign to own :
A tribute of regard—and cordial love.
Caution to hint to you is pleasing pain : 490
Which to receive, in turn, is prime delight.
If fate should cast misfortune in your way,
Which sometimes rubs the good, the great, the
wise,
Then is the time for magnanimity,
And every virtue to come forth and shine.
A Spencer and a Savage brook'd th'attack !
Who then can claim security from fate ?
Great gen'rous souls are sometimes shackled here,
In low obscurity, whose innate worth,
If brought to light by Fortune's soft'ring hand, 500
In senates might have shone—worthy of Greece
In its meridian splendor ! Fortune plays
Her idle pranks, and seems delighted most
In contrarieties ! Have you not seen,

In silk brocade, or crimson daub'd with gold,
 Half-idiots borne on giddy fortune's plume
 O'er half a continent, whose little souls
 A narrow compas circumscrib'd : whose minds
 Lay like the ruins of some ancient pile,
 In desart wilds, forsaken and forlorn, 510
 Wand'ring and vagrant as the fairy train ;
 Whose appetites no bounds controul'd ;
 Ungovernable quite as ocean's rage,
 When in a tempest toss'd, or like a ship
 Without a rudder in the raging storm ?
 Dame Fortune, fickle mistress * ! ill bestows
 Smiles on the undeserving ; but on such
 Whose merit claims regard, she sometimes frowns.
 It is the only proof, infallible,
 Of true bred mariners t'outbrave the storm : 520
 It is the proof of wisdom to surmount
 With manly resolution all Life's ills,
 And seize the prize which Virtue holds in view :
 Which all that overcome shall soon obtain.
 But wrong not Fortune ! Sometimes she confers
 Her gifts with lavish hand, at Wisdom's gates ;
 And who would think that Danger banquets there ?

* O Fortuna viris invida fortibus
 Quam non æqua bonis præmia dividis. SEN.

Take

Take heed, my youthful Colleague—snatch her
gifts

With gentle hand—a thorn springs by the rose !
If merit, promising as yours, should chance 530
To lift you up to eminence—take heed !
Look that Humility stands by your side,
Or you perhaps may find that Fortune's smiles
Are treacherous, and fatal as her frowns.
Despise all little sublunary things :
Give to your ardent soul full scope to wing
Its steady flight to reach th'Eternal Source,
From whence all good, all excellence proceeds.
If Fortune should exalt you of her train,
Deign to be good as great. To all around 540
A pure example give of steadfast faith,
Grac'd with good works.—In honour's public paths
Stand with unshaken fortitude. With these
Accomplishments, fidelity possess ;
Then, all your warfare past, with joy look up,
And see a “Crown of Life” held out to you.

THUS some successful Voyager makes sail
To many a distant province, and surveys
The world's circumference :—inured
To dangers, hardships, hurricanes, and storms, 550
Assaults, and onsets rude, from many a foe !
At length, long homeward bound—he joy'd beholds
The favour'd land of his nativity :—

Rides in full triumph with a prosperous gale,
And soon obtains the wish'd for harbour:—glad
To stand secure upon the beach,—he there
Oft ruminates o'er all the dangers past,
And pleas'd, partakes the boon his toil procur'd.

THE VOYAGE OF LIFE.

THE

VOYAGE OF LIFE.

BOOK VI.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Vicissitudes attending Human Life, resolved into Providence. Seeming Objections to the general and more particular Superintendency of Providence stated—and guarded from the false Conclusions of the Peripatetic Philosophy, and the Abuses of the Sceptic Infidelity. The impartial Distribution of the Gifts of Providence, in the present State, to Good and Bad considered: and the Wisdom and Propriety of such a Dispensation vindicated—The Righteous not always signally rewarded, nor the Wicked visibly punished in the Present Life; whence, an Argument for a Future State of suitable Rewards and Punishments. Remarkable Scripture Instances of a particular Manifestation of Justice and Providence in the Present State, with a suitable Improvement. Reflection on the Harmony subsisting between Reason and Revelation. Man fixed in a State of Probation—an Accountable Creature,—having God's Law, Reason, Conscience, Experience for his Guide:—The Consequence of his attending to, or slighting these Monitors. His Moral Agency asserted—Observations on his Fall and Recovery—and on the Necessity of Christian Fortitude and Perseverance, in order to his attaining the Immortal Prize. The Book concludes with an Illustration of the happy Effects of Religious Perseverance in the Close of a Christian's Course.

THE

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BOOK VI.

ONE effort more, my muse ! yet once again
Resume the sacred theme. Attention hangs
On Virtue's dictates. Me she owns her priest :
Nor will desert me, while intent to trace,
Through all the dark vicissitudes of Life,
“Eternal Providence,” and vindicate
God's righteous ways to man—whose Laws are
built
On Reason's base, and stand in Equity.

HE who pursues the track of Truth, and steers
With Wisdom, Virtue, and Fidelity 10
Close by his side, in amicable league,
Though

Though safe his course, yet, in this minor state,
 Must sometimes struggle with opposing ills,
 Nor unremitting plaudits hope to gain.
 Perchance, must brook the galling yoke of Wrong,
 And bend to Despotism's imperious nod,
 Or bow beneath the proud oppressor's power!
 Too oft on earth Oppression's pow'r is felt;
 Fair Freedoin's rights insulting!—That blest state
 Of *future* equity forgotten seems, 20
 When awful Justice, with unbias'd hand,
 Shall hold the balance; weigh each secret deed;
 Weigh merit too, in an impartial scale—
 Shall fully vindicate the **RIGHT**, and shine
 Supremely clear through Heaven's eternal day!

'T is obvious, that true worth itself may seem,
 In this imperfect state, not patroniz'd
 By Providence, with a peculiar care.
 Sometimes the dissolute prophane start up,
 And flourish at th'expence of Virtue's sons! 30
 While those—the lowly, pure, benevolent
 Of heart, earth's jewels, and Heav'n's darling care*,
 Seem for a time deserted;—not forgot:
 Virtue may sit awhile in humble plight,
 While pamper'd Luxury abounds; yet know,
 That patient Goodness shall not always weep.

* Cura pii diis sunt. OVID.

Ah, let not Infidelity from hence
Raise a fallacious argument, t'arraign
Eternal Providence, as if asleep,
Or on a journey bound—regardless what 40
Befals the little fates of men below,
As if the universe and its concerns
Were roll'd about by Chance—or at the best,
Unworthy of God's notice were become—
No: this is Passion's, this is Folly's creed!
Ye daring tribes of Infidelity,
Why thus would you the Deity impeach?
Why thus divest him of immensity,
And circumscribe whom heaven can not contain?
Who robs him of his darling attributes, 50
And fixes limits to Omnipotence,
Half meets the atheist on unballow'd ground!
Forbear to wrong your cool deliberation:
“ Shall not the JUDGE of all the earth do right?”
Forbear to form the least comparison
Between OMNISCIENCE—and the narrow bound
Of reason, circumscrib'd and premature,
Lest HE reprove thee to thy face, and thou
Be found a liar. Rather bow before 60
The awful throne of his tremendous power,
And reverent approach his footstool near:
Think not t'elude his all-pervading sight:
He taketh cognizance of all our ways:

And

And not a feeble tenant of the air
Falls timeless or unnoticed by his eye.
His all-seeing eye surveys earths ample round,
And comprehends heaven's wide circumference,
Beholding all, the evil and the good,
Intent to give a recompence to all
That future day—when every eye shall see
His truth reveal'd, and venerate his power.
Till then, let no presuming Infidel
Exult, as though his point were gain'd;
For, in right reason's eye, the plain reverse
Of all his impious notions clearly shines.
What though the sentence seems withheld awhile
From execution, and man's evil deeds
Find not below a certain recompense?
'Twere obvious to infer, it is because
The Scowler's callous heart hereby becomes
But harden'd more, till, Pharaoh-like, he meets
His just desert—and Mercy gains applause,
Though she, from such for ever take her flight:
It is, that humble merit may be prov'd,
Like gold that's try'd, and suff'ring patience crown'd,
And virtue signaliz'd on earth, to meet
Its high reward in heav'n; when God Supreme
Shall reign—exalting just men near his throne:
When impious scorner sink beneath his ire.
Intent the impious scowler seems a while,
His lov'd impieties to enterprize,

While

While proud presumption blazes on his brow,
As in defiance of the bolts of Heaven !

“ Because the righteous sentence seems delay’d,
His heart is fully bent on evil deeds *.”

—Is this a meet return to gracious Heaven,
For that “ good-will ” which waits for his reform ;
Which once wept o’er his follies, and which bled
To heal his maladies ?—Vile were the wretch,
Abandon’d, and abhor’d of God and man, 100
Who dare such goodness impiously despise,
And turn the patience of the Deity
To a sad occasion of licentiousness !
Or worse—to ground a baseless argument,
To disavow eternal providence,
Because the Hand Divine appears not held
Conspicuous o’er earth ! The man is blind
Who sees not its *effects* ; and from effects
We trace the FIRST GREAT CAUSE.—That man is
mad

Who thus requites the patience of his God, 110
Because the long forbearing clemency
Continues thus to wait for his reform !

WHAT tho’ the good and virtuous man may seem
Not always signaliz’d by Providence,
In this probationary state :—What though
Th’oppressor flourish, and accumulate
The wealth of either Ind ! Would you from thence

* Eccl. viii. 11.

Infer, no providence exists? For why?
Because man cannot read to-morrow's fate?
That foresight Mercy has deny'd him—else
His Life would be embitter'd with the sad
Foreboding of To-morrow's ills. Herein
Mercy and Providence appear! and man's
Deem'd imperfections prove his happiness:
The things he covets oft would prove his bane.
Fool, cease to cavil! It were better far
Suspend thy idle censure, till such time
As judgment sets thee right. Then, when the Judge
Exalted fills his awful throne, draw nigh,
And censure what is wrong. Acquit thyself, 130
And lay upon his providence the blame
That thou wert not a king—or something else
Thou art not. It is plain, thou art become
An errant fool; and such he made thee not:
Stand at his bar, and answer for thy crime.
Enough my muse! Reject the Infidel,
And argue with the wise.—If man were borne
Upon the softest plumes of providence,
Secure—from every ill—where then the test
Of his obedience? Where the exercise 140
Of “perfect patience *”, to be crown'd one day
With never-fading laurels, such as Greece,
Amid her brightest trophies never wore.
Then future hope were render'd null and vain,
If stedfast justice always own'd the right,

* James i. 4.

By speedy punishment of what is wrong.
 If ever-flaming Vengeance instant seiz'd
 The evil doer; where could vicious deeds,
 And where could infidelity appear?

By what could virtue shine, and gain applause? 150
 And how could future judgment find fit place,
 If by such present signals dispossess'd?
 Restraint would force unwilling awe, and leave
 No place on earth for pure benevolence,
 And filial piety, and virtuous deeds,
 Springing of choice—not of necessity
 Which unavailing proves in sight of Heaven.
 A willing sacrifice God solely seeks:
 A willing service claims his chief regard,
 And shall not pass the notice of his eye: 160
 Unwilling awe avails not aught with Him,
 Who scans the secret movements of our breast.

WHAT though to punish, Heaven reluctant seem?
 Say not that providence no proof affords,
 Infallible of its superior sway
 'Mid the inferior kingdoms of the world:
 Where lies the fact, authentically read
 Of Justice vindicating injur'd right,
 And punishing the wrong? A question bold!
 Have you not in the sacred annals read 170
 Of injur'd Joseph's case? Have you not heard
 Of Hezekiah;—and Sennacherib,
 The proud Assyrian, and his vanquish'd host,

Subdu'd by Heaven's dread messenger of fate ?
Survey the Hand Divine, conspicuous,
O'er Noah, Daniel, and Uzzean Job ;
And the three captive Jews who triumph'd o'er
The rage of Nature's fiercest element,
Which can the world subdue ! But they, like gold,
Forth from the furnace came, more bright more pure,
Confounding all their foes ! The instances. 181
Of Providence, 'twere endless to recount.
In Gideon, Samson, and the prophets old,
Those favourites of Heaven, in aid of whom
What wonders were perform'd ! Revere the stroke,
The righteous stroke of Justice, in the case
Of Korah, and his cursed company ;
Who, not unlike to rebel angels, fell
Beneath the kindling ire of Providence,
All hideous tumbling to the yawning pit ! 190
Had not the hand of Justice interfer'd,
God's prophet and his law had been despis'd ;
The mission gain'd from Heav'n soon set at nought ;
And that notorious providence that cleft
The raging sea, and rain'd down angels food,
All flighted—or attributed to chance !
Fit time for Justice then to interfere :
Things done in season prove a wise design ;
And that design, in act, is providence.
Where Sodom's fertile plains and lofty domes 200
Once stood in pleasing prospect, glittering far,
Survey the sulphurous Lake Asphaltides !
A sacred

A sacred proof, a lasting monument,
Of Heaven's displeasure against vicious deeds,
And all aspiring advocates for Wrong !
In old Jerusalem his wrath revere,
When Titus gave to Heaven a helping hand,
To accelerate the destin'd vengeance due ;
And 'ost foretold by Him, the promis'd God ;
Whom Jews and Infidels alike blaspheme ! 210
Nor dream, because the sentence seems delay'd,
That Justice lies asleep. She sees from far,
And smiles to see the hour approaching swift,
In which to vindicate the right, and raise
Fair Equity and Truth to high renown !
To give to each of Adam's hum'rous race
An ample recompense, in meet return ..
For all their impious—all their righteous deeds.
How much superior the supreme rewards
In Heav'n, to those that in this fickle state 220
Could be conferr'd : Suppose of equal worth ;
Still, their duration no proportion bears.

BEFORE that solemn season, noted long
In the seal'd records of futurity,
When God shall "judge the world in righteousness"
The work of Justice would be premature.
In hurling vengeance round a guilty world—
Which, yet too soon must on the wicked fall.

; Isa. ix. 6. Luke xiv. 42-49.

WITH Sacred Record, REASON here accords,
 To trace the wisdom, fitness, harmony, I 230
 And end of all the Attributes Divine † !
 T'admire the just and meet propriety
 Of such forbearance, till that future day,
 When mercy mild, and awful justice, shine
 Through Heav'n's wide-bourn with a resplendent
 blaze :

Meantime, who weighs their import, soon shall find
 Both tally, both unitedly attest
 The strict necessity of that assize,
 When JUSTICE, seated on an awful throne,
 Guarded with thunders, and th'expansive flash 240
 Of lightnings glancing round; shall give to all,
 On either hand, impartial recompense !
 Mercy to such who MERCY's dictates lov'd;
 Judgment to such as did her suit deny.

NOR deem it cruelty when God shall deal
 Justice to all who pity durst despise :
 Mercy long slighted gives access to wrath :
 When he of Judah born, Regent of Heav'n,
 The golden Sceptre long despis'd on earth,

† Justice never exults over the divine clemency while Mercy can be offered: neither can Mercy be promulgated at the expense of Justice. The attributes of God are inviolable. Hence, respect should always be had to their mutual fitness and harmony, the determined seasons of their operations; and the means by which those seemingly the most opposite are reconciled.

Converts

Converts into an iron rod, to bruise 250
 Iniquity's stiff neck beneath the stroke
 Of his uplifted arm ;—henceforth, to rule
 The nations * with empyreal sway, decreed,
 And arbitration just—then all who once
 Despis'd his love, shall feel his kindled ire.

THE Deity proceeds by strictest rules,
 And living laws, of truth and equity—
 Unalterably fix'd, as is the base
 Of Heaven's eternal hills ! Oppos'd to these,
 Though 'twere to save a world, grace never acts ;
 Nor aught of justice, mercy, providence, 261
 E'er varies from th'eternal deep-laid scheme,
 Perfect, demonstrable † in all its parts ;
 Yet far surpassing man's or angel's scan.

THE Deity has plac'd us in a state
 Of short probation, and before us fix'd
 The joys and torments of a future life,
 A life that never ends ! And oft appeals ‡
 To Reason, sacred monitor ! and warps
 To shun the evil, to pursue the good, 270
 With wise intent, and live for ever. None

* Psalm ii. 9.

† Demonstrable, i. e. to God himself, agreeably to the Apostle's affirmation, Acts xv. 18.

‡ Alluding to such sacred expostulations as that in Ezek. xxxiii. 11.

But fools such faithful dictates disobey—
 Or dare contemn the kindly overtures,
 Which, if attended to, secure our peace !
 Yet those who slight the sacred call—e'en those
 The hand of justice long forbears to strike,
 Till warning after warning they refuse,
 And place themselves beyond the reach of Heav'n!

FULL oft has faithful Conscience loud alarm'd
 The citadel within, with friendly care, 280:
 To fortify from ill her lov'd abode !
 She claims the empire of the breast ; and proves
 The friend of all who listen to her voice :
 Who slight her find a foe ! None shall contemn
 With long impunity her sacred plaint :
 But must at last their insolence bemoan ;
 And find the query true, by Wisdom's pen
 Propos'd—“ A wounded spirit who can bear ?”

REASON, by sage Experience gravely join'd,
 Points out the wrong,—and warns the wanderer
 Of th'error of his way, admonishing 291
 Aloud, to steer by Wisdom's sacred chart :
 If he repentant, turn a willing ear,
 Intent the needful caution to observe
 Invariably, through Life's assailing snares,
 The course he steers, sweet innocence attends,
 And Conscience bears its testimony clear :
 Hope and Good Confidence stand by at last;

And

And soon a gentle gale of mercy wafts
 His Vessel smoothly to th'eternal port : 300

But if neglected all the warning calls
 Of reason, conscience, providence, conjoin'd
 With what experience dictates ; what remains
 To rectify the soul untaught by these ?—
 'Tis highly probable its hast'ning doom
 (Though Justice long on slow forbearance wait)
 Is well nigh seal'd :—that soon the worthless skiff
 Must split upon Presumption's rugged rock,
 And give the cargo down to darkest shades,
 Regions of black Tartarean night, and shores 310
 Inhospitable, deep as Stygian sound,
 Where hope and joy, the beams of Heav'n's bright
 day,

Shall never shine. Impenitence ! Survey
 Thy destin'd end, and wisely shun the course
 That down to yonder dreary regions tends !

Bear round with Reason at thy helm, and steer
 The course of sacred Wisdom. Never deem
 Unmanly the determination, thus 320
 To veer about, and shun the Stygian pool.
 'Tis better late than never to begin
 The course of Safety : none begin too soon ;
 But some too late bemoan the loss of more,
 Far more, than poets of E'yssium feign'd ;
 Of alienated heav'n—that matchless prize,
 So idly barter'd for the dregs of Time !
 Thus children may, while airy fancy reigns

THE VOYAGE OF LIFE.

Triumphant over reason, part with pearls
 For pebbles—quite delighted with th'exchange; 330
 Till ripening reason gains th'ascendency,
 And teaches men to estimate of things
 According to their true intrinsic worth.

THE Great Creator made us MEN, endow'd
 With faculties immortal and divine;
 And when of these despoil'd, we sell, seduc'd
 By the intrigues of old infernal fraud,
 Beneath the power of sin's tyrannic chains:
 Relenting Pity ey'd our hopeless grief,
 And flew from Heaven to ransom us from woe.
 MESSIAH stoop'd from his celestial throne,
 Cast off the ensigns of his royalty *, 340
 And dy'd to rescue from the tyrant's chain
 The heirs of life—to “ bruise the Serpent's head ;”
 And rose again t'ensure our future life.
 Stoop down, ye hills, in homage to the LORD !
 Ye valleys rise exulting ! earth, and skies,
 And thou great main—and chief, let favour'd man
 Join in a gen'ral chorus to the SON,
 Who brought salvation near !—who stoop'd so low
 To rescue “ captives ” from their gloomy cells,
 And publish “ liberty ” in strains more soft, 350
 And sweet than highangelic harmony !

* Psalm ii. 6. Phil. ii. 7.

What breast but glows at thoughts like these,
 Cordial as to the hunted hart the stream—
 And more refreshing to the ardent soul !
 Enthusiasm here a virtue seems.
 Rejoice with rev'rence ye ransom'd race !
 Chant your Deliverer's praise with grateful tongue ;
 But when your utmost effort is assay'd,
 Acknowledge still, " HIS LOVE CAN NE'ER BE
 TOLD."

WHEN Jesse's sacred stem took root on earth, 360.
 And sprang aloft, higher than all heaven's hills,
 Its vital leaves a healing balm exhal'd,
 Its teeming boughs with fruit immortal blush'd !
 Methinks I see, beneath its shade, a troop
 Of late, daemonic dispossess'd adoring,
 The leper cleans'd, the paralytic heal'd,
 Th'aggriev'd redress'd, the dead to life restor'd !

IN HOLY WRIT, those records of renown
 Obtain'd from Heav'n, what wond'rs we descry !
 " Glad tidings" there salute our ravish'd ears, 370
 Of " Love which passeth knowledge !" There we
 learn

The mysteries of man's redemption ! There,
 The height and depth of " goodness infinite."
 Well pleas'd, we trace. The Sacred Page informs
 How God's Messiah, long foretold by seers,

Came down on Love's expanded wings : HE came,
 Instant to earth, with Mercy in his train,
 To buy our peace *, so justly forfeited—
 And reinstate us, once again, secure
 In the possession of our Father's love. 380.
 —Freely he purchas'd grace and life for all
 Who seek it, and their fallen state deplore ;
 For all—but those whose folly seals their fate,
 And binds them down in Error's dark domain.

SAY then no more that man, in his laps'd state,
 Is helpless and forlorn !—for help is nigh !
 Th' infallible physician at the door †,
 Offers his aid, to all who feel their smart,
 Inflicted by the “fiery serpent SIN ;” 390
 Laden, oppress'd, and waiting for a cure ;
 He, “without money,” heals their mortal wound ;
 Pours in the “balm”, extracted from the Tree
 Of Life—the hallow'd cross ! With matchless love,
 Soliciting their cure, ‡ he bids them “live § ;”
 And, lo ! from impotence they rise—to life
 And health restor'd ! ALL who refuse not, may
 “Stretch forth the wither'd hand” and find relief,
 —Since man's loss is regain'd ; conjecture not
 Of him as of a mere machine—impell'd

* Eph. ii. 14—1 Cor. vi. 20.

† Rev. iii. 20.

‡ Matt. xi. 28.

§ Ezck. xvi. 26.

By springs of mighty FATE :—So some affirm, 400
 Erring * :—Dishonourable thought ! For CHRIST
 Procur'd his life †—proclaim'd his “ liberty ‡,”
 And freed him from the thraldom of his state :
 And where sin once abounded, now much more
 Does grace abound in him for Adam's race. §
 But if despoil'd of reason, will, and choice
 Of good evil, man no more can stand
 Accountable in judgment for his deeds
 Than the sea-idol † of the Philistines
 Could stand responsible before the ARK, 410
 For seeming to affect divinity :
 Nor were MAN else a man—Nor could he claim
 Pre-eminence o'er yonder harmless herds
 That graze the verdant plains or range the hills,
 Involuntary ** round, in fair array !
 Tho' more erect his form—of WILL depriv'd,
 In moral excellence can he excel ?—

* The ancient Manichees, and some modern writers, who hold the scheme of Christian and philosophical necessity.

† Cor. xv. 22. ‡ If. lxi. 1. Luke iv. 18.

§ Rom. v. 18, 20. † DAGON.

** The idea, so common in the world, of the rational creature, Man, not being endued with free agency is so absurd, that it scarcely can apply to the brute creation. If man be deprived of freedom of will, he must be a kind of involuntary machine—which to suppose the human being degenerated to, is incompatible with scripture and common sense. Apoc. xxii. 17.

“ The mother of true wisdom is the will ; ”

The noblest intellect a fool without it. You'd.

But

But hold—Let no vain *fatalist* debase
 The dignity of human nature!—Know, —
 Tho' men and angels, children of one Lord, 420
 Both fell enslay'd—'twas man * obtain'd release;
 And that release obtain'd, without his suit,
 By means that prove his high esteem in Heaven.
 Hence **MAN** is great—great by creation still;
 Majestic when in ruins; but restor'd,
 A living transcript of the Deity!
 If by creation great; yet greater still
 By precious purchase:—by redemption high!
 Man's prime prerogative—Heav'n's “last best gift”
 Been freely pledg'd for him:—a ransom full 430
 For his recovery—and immortal life.

YET still, the prize celestial to obtain,
 With Perseverance he must hold accord,
 To life's last period:—bent with steady helm,
 To steer the course which providence directs:
 And **PERSERVERANCE** fails not to surmount
 A thousand obstacles: It has been seen
 To lay, ev'n hills of difficulty, low!

* The Divine justice, in passing by angels and redeeming man, seems fully vindicated by considering the former, though created pure, was *self-depraved*; the latter, though equally possesst of free agency, seduced by the former. The degrees of criminality; in these cases, appear scarce less opposed, than the difference between the man who commits a desperate act of suicide, and him who falls by an unforeseen casualty.

The

The “good man” so surmounts all accidents.
While faith, with shield celestial, guards his breast,
And courage into effort prompts design, 441
He sees the prize, pursues it with his might,
And gains the summit of his ardent hopes.

UNWEARIED perseverance makes the man
Of signal eminence in every line :
And shall the Christian idly hope to rise
To eminence by dissipated sloth,
An inattentive habit, and a brow
Not mark’d by vigilance or studious care ?
The name of Christian ill besits the child 450
Of soft effeminacy—Vain, alas !
And premature his hope of present fame, I
Or future recompense :—The crown of life
Is kept in store to grace the Victor’s brow.
No conquest can be gain’d without assaults.
This is a state of warfare, not of rest ;
The rest remains beyond this “vale of tears ;” 462
When past Life’s storms, and all its threat’ning ills,
We land secure on Salem’s peaceful shore.

VAIN is the man who fondly hopes to gain 460
The wealthy merchandize of rich Cathay, +
To traffic in Golconda, or Nankin;
Who never launches out a single league
From forth his native strand :—Equally vain

+ CHINA.

Our hope of gaining heaven's illustrious port,
And all the pleasures just men there possess,
Who never labour to secure the prize :—
The prize, though purchas'd—and reserv'd in store
For all who deem it worth their prime regard,
Is yet bestow'd on none but such as steer
Steady to gain the costly merchandise. 470

LIFE'S Voyage proves successful to the man,
The man alone, whose faith and humble hopes
Are fix'd on high, concentrating in HIM
Who rules the rage of every boding storm,
And stills Life's tumults with divine control. 480

Or all Life's Voyagers, the happiest he
Who brooks the tempest and surmounts the storm
Secure, with Patience smiling by his side !
Triumphant he, o'er destiny's domain,
Long makes his weary way, with steady prow;
Still bearing on, invariably, what course
Directs to Salem's tow'rs. At length subsides
The scowling surges—and the piercing blasts
Of chill adversity soon die away.—
The pleasing prospect opens wide and clear,
To meet his ardent eyes —He sees it nigh,
And nigher still ! Advancing to the strand,
Before a swelling gale he gently glides—
Bears to the haven of eternal peace,
Delighted to obtain so soon the prize ; 490

On

On that diviner shore, where grief and pain,
And weariness and death find no access.
There he, in full fruition reaps the fruit
Of his long arduous toil. What words can paint
That calm serenity, that cordial cheer,
Which reigns eternal in his tranquil breast,
Or sits upon his brow ;—his lofty brow
With laurels and celestial roses crown'd !
But chief of all, what heart can comprehend
That soothing thought, of years succeeding years
With large increase of growing happiness,
Which fills, elates, o'erwhelms his ravish'd soul !

THE radiant splendor of the purple morn
Serene, when past a night of dark distress,
Conflicting hurricanes, wrecks, and alarms,
How grateful to the wo-worn mariner :
Descrying soon in view the wish'd for port,
With shouts of joy he greets his natal shore !
The Christian so exults to gain his port, 510
And rest at home within his Father's house,
Secure at length of his inheritance.
There pious souls shall feast with tranquil joy's :
Nor dangers drear, nor shipwreck, nor alarms
Disturb them more :—a long adieu to these ;
To sorrows, pains, and tears, a long adieu !

AFTER a tedious Voyage, welcome REST :
All Tribulation's bitter potions now
Are sweeten'd by the lenient balm of peace.
So rests the weary lab'ring hind, when past 520
A live-long day of unremitting toil :
At night he greets his lowly cottage roof,
And lays him down with smiling Innocence ;
Then sleep, its dewy balm pours o'er his eyes,
And seals up all his senses in repose.

THE VOYAGE OF LIFE.

THE

VOYAGE OF LIFE.

BOOK VII.

THE ARGUMENT.

A Storm at Sea—Eloquently expressive of the Majesty and Omnipotence of God. A signal Deliverance on the Ocean. Similar Deliverances in the Dispensations of Life and Providence frequent. The Uses of Storms in a Physical, and of Calamities in a Moral Sense.—Their salutary Influences on Nature, and on the human Mind. God's Ways unsearchable. Man's Life mutable. The Folly of his prying over-scrupulously into the Secrets of Providence—Admonish'd rather of his own Frailty, and of the Vicissitudes and Imperfections of the present State. Address to the high-flown Favourites of Fortune. The Disadvantages attending Stations of Eminence and Poverty, figuratively represented. The Happiness and Security of a Medium State. Their precarious, and often fatal Enterprize who make Riches, Preferments, Honours—the Ultimatum of their Pursuit. A Suitable Reflection and Improvement.

THE SWALLED SUMMER TIDE
VOYAGE OF LIFE.

BOOK VII.

AERIAL Powers! (primeval source of light
And harmony) you gave to Echo birth,
In swift vibrations—when the morning stars
United sang, and all God's countless host
Glad acclamations through Heaven's concave
pour'd:

And in more recent times, you frequent 'woke
The full ton'd viol, and the warbling harp,
Of the enraptur'd Hebrew bard, to warm
The soul of Piety, who sang altern
Of nature, and accordant providence,
In pleasing accents, various as his theme,

10

Till

Till lift'ning dæmons * lost their power to harm !
 Raise my aspiring muse, to soar sublime
 Above the middle regions of the storm,
 Through clouds and tempests, on a fiery car,
 Like th'ancient Tishbite to the mount of God †,
 From whence to trace the wonders of his hand :
 Or if confin'd below the lūnar sphere,
 A while to dwell inglorious ! let me rest,
 Hid in the bosom of yon nodding cliff,
 Aloft o'er surging seas, at ease to sing
 The mariner's disastrous dread in strains
 Symphonious to th'Ælian harp, what time
 Nature's conflicting elements, rous'd up,
 Are on the wing, that scarce my straining muse,
 Exerting all her vigour, durst pursue !
 Kindling in effort, now she fondly strives
 To strike in concert with the winds and waves.

WHAT time the sighing "genius of the storm"
 Salutes the sails, and wantons on the deep ? 30
 In circling eddies—then the signal's given :
 Ye navies haste ! furl up the sails ! prepare !
 Instant the sounding squadrons of the sky
 Precipitate their flight with matchless speed !
 Down the steep verge of heav'n-contesting winds,
 With aggravated fury, sweep along.

* 1 Sam. xvi. 23.

† 1 Kings xix. 8.

Athwart the black inhospitable shores,
 With clam'rous din, in concert to the waves;
 A chorus harsh ! from which the deafen'd ear
 Abhorrent turns, stunn'd by the hollow roar! 45
 Adown the dark incumbent atmosphere,
 Tumultuous hurl'd, bears torrents to the deep,
 Tremendous as in Zoan's fruitful field,
 When warring elements conspir'd to scourge
 Egyptian pride, and blast the hopeful year !
 The forked lightnings play ! The awful car
 Of Deity to gain the good, rolls on *
 Precipitant, with pond'rous wheels, that crash
 Repeated vollies thro' the vaults of Heaven!
 Creation hears, and shudders at the sound ! 50
 Ocean affrighted, foams, and raves, his voice
 Uplifting horrible ! Confusion dire
 Awakes. Commotion heaves her clam'rous head
 Among the clouds, and drives her furious steeds,
 Impatient of restraint—while from their breath
 The whirlwind issues, spouting torrents high †
 Above the tow'ring mast—high as the arch
 Which gilds the dropping cloud ! thence pouring
 down
 Upon the head of proudest navies, prone
 Like Niagara's falling deluge—sinks 60

* In allusion to Thunder.

† Alluding to Water-sprouts at sea.

Their streaming honours deep ingulph'd! Mean
time,
The surging billows lifted from their bed,
In swelling undulations, roll sublime
Like ridgy hills, commixing with the clouds,
And open lay the fountains of th'abyss
Which threat'ning aim to deluge wide the world!
An emblem faint of old Deucalion scenes!
Yet what avails the tumult? Why enrag'd
In such a deadly feud old Ocean, thus
To lash the lofty cliffs, and scour the shores,
And heave into the clouds, tumultuous,
Threat'ning aloud unutterable deeds,
And devastations drear? Proud main forbear!
Great Nature's calm controller, Destiny,
Admonishes, "Such idle strife forbear!
" In vain you lash the lofty rocks, and scourge
" The stedfast base of the eternal hills;
" Since Heav'n decrees, e'en despicable sands,
" Your bounds confine, and all your rage defy!
" Th'Omnipotent such power attends. 80
" He gives you laws; he curbs your proud designs;
" Ordains your bounds in due circumference,
" And holds you in the hollow of his hand—.
" Beyond the limits given, you dare not move;
" Nor can you flee the conquests of his arm."

WHAT eloquence can shew, what pencil paint,
The busy terrors which possess the souls
Of yonder frantic navy ? See them toss'd,
Reeling and pendent—o'er the foaming surge ! 89
Some from the cordage blown down to the deep;
And some swept off the deck—or from the helm !
While thus the raging elements contend,
Each auburne cheek grows wan : each vivid eye
Wishfully rolls, in expectation sad
With each returning surge, no more to greet
The cheering light of heav'n—which now no more
Appears ! Convolving clouds, and fiery waves,
And blazing meteors, glancing quick as thought,
Absorb the beams of day, and quench its orb ;
The choicest gift of God ! No scene appears, 100
Save threat'ning dangers, boding instantwreck !
Kind Heaven avert the swift impending doom !
All human help is vain, and refuge none,
Less than divine appears.—Despair not still,
Ye pallid crews, for help is often nigh ;
Though undiscover'd, or misdeem'd afar,
Against the seening hour of destiny.
Still “against hope,” in humble hope rely
On the OMNIPOTENT, whose hand can shield
From Ocean's rage, and “to the utmost save.” 110
Appeal to HIM, ye Voyagers, who rules
Both earth and heav'n; whom “winds and seas
obey.”

His help prevents the destitute ; nor shall
Such seek in vain : For man's extremity
Gives opportunity, in season meet,
For bounding Mercy to step in benign,
And rescue souls devoted to despair !

'Tis done—the storm subsides—the fleet secure
Bears on to make the harbour—where it rigs
Afresh :—All damages repair'd, 'tis meet 120
T'enjoy the lives prolong'd by Providence,
And recognize deliverance with a tear.

THUS oft Heaven's mercy safe protects the
wretch

Who, lost to hope, expects his final doom
With each returning surge : yet still he lives
To bless the hand that bore aloof his soul
O'er diffidence—and destiny's proud waves.
T'adore the voice which sooth'd his busy fears,
And spoke to peace the storm ! Life's raging ills,
When chid by thy command, ALL POWERFUL
KING,

Subside, obedient to the sacred fiat ; 130
And all the restless tumults instant cease.
So ceas'd the stormy lake in Palestine,
When aw'd by his majestic voice, who call'd
Old Chaos into order ; and gave birth
To all existence : "Let them be,"
Said GOD, and lo they are ! He summon'd LIGHT,
And

And instant light appear'd ! That well-known voice
Both winds and waves—and casualties * obey.

Is all this violent discordant din 140
Of active elements an idle strife,
Productive of no good to man ? Not so :
In every province—every distant clime,
NATURE turns preacher, and salutes his ears
With various lectures—of divine delight,
Heard frequent from the forests and the groves !
The streams and rills ! the hollow winds ! the seas !
And thunders pealing thro' the distant sky ;
Or greets his eyes with pleasing scenes, portray'd
By the soft pencil of *Perfection*—which 150
The imitative ARTS in vain † would trace :
These clearly shew the Great CREATOR's power.
And when uplifted in the storm, his voice ;
Ev'n storms proclaim, in strains all eloquent,
To the astonish'd world his echoing praise.
And Nature's voice, to various accents tun'd,
Acute and grave, how charming, how sublime,
Heard by the ear of sage Philosophy !

* We have undoubted authority from the Divine Oracles to affirm, that those mysterious dispensations of Providence which are stiled "Casualties," are under the direction or permission of unerring Wisdom.

† In vain, in point of equality.

Tornados dire have useful ends assign'd ;
 And tempests usher in to rescue man. 160
 The active elements conspire to chase
 The pest of foul infectious fumes afar ;
 To kill the noisome seeds of dank disease,
 Which else would epidemical run through
 The vital air ; and soon with morbid taint
 Corrupt Life's springs, and sweep whole realms
 away.

Dame Nature, in her various attitudes,
 Appears in Reason's philosophic eye,
 Studious to heal a Lazar world—and save.
 The clouds her copious magazines that deal 170
 Her inexhaustible abundance round,
 Impartially o'er many a distant realm :
 The winds her potent engines to convey
 Up to the mountain-top resources fresh
 Of fluid element to feed the springs
 That thence into the vallies deep descend.
 And when to soft favonian gales the storms
 Give way, her fertile stores in smiling show'rs
 Disseminate around, to cheer the hills !
 The verdant plains and russet meads to clothe 180
 In livery gay, and crown the fields with corn !
 The lawns with spangled flowers to perfume !
 The woods with leafy vestments to adorn !
 While all, in various concert, "laugh and sing !"

GREAT Nature varies, and alternately
 Each different aspect bears ; but provident
 In each, pursuing her own plan—alike.
 From storms and calms educating general good
 And terminating all in one great end,
 " The welfare of communities and worlds." 190

IN Nature, and accordant Providence,
 The works and counsels of the Deity
 Do often greet the philosophic eye,
 Often elate th'illumin'd Christian's mind
 With deep solemnity. Such wond'rous works
 Are scann'd by wisdom's sons, with pure intent
 To glorify the " First Great Cause," in all
 The various operations of his hand.
 Creation publishes his handy-work :
 And Providence proclaims " How wise 200
 " His counsels ! how profound, how wonderful
 " His ways !" His purposes surpassing far
 Or human thought, or angels keener ken,
 Are hid from principalities and powers :
 Their highest orders seek * in vain to trace
 The vast circumference of his boundless plan.

UNERRING Wisdom has decreed to man,
 In passing through Life's turbulent domain,
 'Gainst fortune's frowns to lift aloft his brow !

* 1 Pet. i. 12.

To meet the buffet of temptation's tides !
To combat with a thousand storms—and ills !
This day may shed its flow'rs and odours round ; . . .
The next its blasting mildew and its bane :
The Life of man abounds with various ills ; . . .
Yet these, though numberless, are provident,
And prove a fund of wisdom to the wise ! . . .
These warn him not to anchor too secure, V . . .
Too confident in Life's rough bay : These waste ! T
Th'affections fleeter on to reach the high . . .
Celestial port ! Welcome the accidents 220
That lift the mind to its congenial skies V.
These "light afflictions," transient as the night, A
Are sent to purge our souls, like gold refin'd T
From base alloy, for that eternal "weight"
Of glory" in reversion—soon to dawn.
These calm correctives of a Father's hand . . .
Are meant to make us vigilant and wise ;
Humble and sober—virtuous and benign. . . .
Nor aught on earth or aught in heav'n can save . .
The wretch, who, unreclaim'd by adverse fate, 240
Obdurate still remains—unaw'd beneath . . .
The gentle chastisements of Mercy's hand !—
Unknowing that his crimes do stripes deserve,
From these on earth inflicted, diff'rent far :
Those sent in pity, to reclaim and save.

SABLE Adversity full oft befriends
 Ungrateful man, forgetful of his God,
 And calls him back, wide wand'ring from the fold,
 To share the meltings of paternal love !
 Calamity is heard, in wisdom's ear, 250
 Reading sage lectures of morality,
 Which, when success attends us, are unheard :
 This stimulates our future hopes, and mounts
 The soul on pinions for that higher stage,
 Where proud Oppression stalks not ! where the
 oppress'd
 And heavy laden rest in sweet repose !
 Abstracted so, from all these sick'ning scenes
 Of instability, we fix on heaven,
 And with Religion steer to make our port !
 This bends the mind averse to pride, and gives 260
 Access to meek humility and peace ;*
 And these, inhabiting, adorn the soul,
 A jewel for the cabinet of heaven,
 Of matchless price in the Supreme regard.
 Affliction frequent proves the Christian's gain,
 While destin'd to his earthly mansion :—Less
 Its stripes embarrass, and its frowns annoy,

* Afflictions in the present state of human nature, may be deemed unfavourable to peace; but if these are conducive to humility, which I think in the nature of things is undeniable, humility may be proved to be one of the chief ingredients of peace and happiness.

The veteran whose prize is virtue, whose
Reward is Heav'n—than fortune's smiles affail !
Affliction's aids can forcibly release 270
From frail mortality's unstable joys ;
Unshackle from terrestrial ties the soul,
To plume its wings ethereal for the skies !
As storms oft terminate in calms serene ;
So Christian conflicts, well supported, end
In heartfelt joy, and hope, and soothing peace.

AFFLICTION's sons, the least misjudging, deem
The raging storms and incidents of Life
Will bear them down the gulph of misery ;
Anon they find th' Invisible directs 280
Their doubtful course—controls Life's pending ills,
And screens them from its threatening terrors, hid
As in the hollow of his outstretch'd hand.
Astonish'd, then they trace his shining paths
Of mercy, wisdom, equity—in all
The various operations of his power !
And pleas'd to comprehend the mystery
Of love, reveal'd in sacred writ, fulfill'd
In nature—amplify'd in providence ;
They join sublime accord with sacred seers, 290
And kings inspir'd, to worship the SUPREME
Who lifts his hand to heav'n, and grasps the stars,
Rolling them in their several orbits round !

Whose measur'd steps outstrip the fleetest winds,
 Or meteors glancing thro' the stormy sky,
 When injur'd Innocence invokes his aid !
 When MERCY wings his flight, the lightnings then
 Are tardy and remiss compar'd with his
 Unmeasur'd speed ! If JUSTICE calls aloud
 For indignation, then, with slower pace, 300
 And a determin'd aspect, lo he comes !
 Rolls with the whirlwind round his rapid car,
 Convolv'd in tempests deep, and flaines of fire ;
 With meagre famine, pestilence, and death,
 Attendant in his train—to execute
 His righteous judgments on a guilty land :
 The kindling mountains smoke, the little hills
 Affrighted fly the terrors of his hand.
 Tremble, thou Earth ! roar out aloud, thou Main !
 And, imprecate his vengeance now, who dare ! 310
 Supreme he reigns o'er all the sons of pride ;
 Fixing his residence in deepest glooms, +
 As in the brightest blaze of stedfast heaven ! P
 His throne unbounded : uncontroll'd his reign.
 Past finding out his thoughts : his wond'rous ways,
 Unknown to all but the eternal Mind.
 Higher than heaven, wider than the sea,
 And broader than the earth, are his domains ;
 Yet he inspects minutely through them all :

+ Psalm xviii. 11.

Tho' earth, and sea, and skies, proclaim his hand,
 His footsteps are not known ; or only seen 321
 As “in a mirror *”—nor yet clearly trac'd
 In this uncertain tenor of an hour.

A FEW short moments measure out the life
 Of man, in this his minor state—his state
 Of inert infancy compar'd with *that*
 Maturity of intellectual growth, 330
 Beyond the slight “partition wall,” where Life
 (By transmutation strange, subsisting still)
 Seems swallow'd up of immortality.
 Then circling years, succeeding years, combine
 To aggrandize his future state; so high,
 That righteous man in bliss shall gods become.
 Till then—let no presuming sceptic tax
 The operations and disposals meet
 Of that “all perfect wonder-working Hand,”
 Which operates unseen † throughout the mass
 Of animated nature—and inanimate;
 Works the machine, and governs every spring.
 Too short man's æra, and too limited 340
 His narrow span of knowledge in this state,
 To comprehend the counsels, works, and ways
 Of WISDOM, plann'd in the Eternal's mind;

* 1 Cor. xiii. 12.

† Unseen, save in its operations, which are visible to every rational being.

And executed with unerring aim :
 Too impotent his arm to move the wheels
 Of mighty fate (a wheel within a wheel *)
 Or on their axis to roll round the spheres :
 This work to the Omnipotent belongs.
 In all his plan the Infinite proceeds,
 Convolving order and necessity 350
 In one eternal round, conducting men—
 Free-willing † agents—by well-order'd rules ;
 But Nature's works by strict necessity :
 And who shall censure or revise his plan ?
 Vain man forbear ! Nor daringly presume
 To snatch the compasses forth from his hand,
 And teach Eternal Wisdom what is meet !
 Go, rather recognize thy origin,
 And study well thy end. Why wast thou form'd
 At first, by Wisdom's Architect, a child 360
 Of humble dust, from forth thy mother-earth ?
 Why doom'd, once more by ruthless fate to sleep
 In her embrace ?—A lesson meet to teach
 Thy pride humility. Abasing thought !
 Soon the frail tenement of human clay,
 However varnish'd o'er with splendid pomp,
 Must mould'ring fall, ignobly, into dust ;

* *Ezekiel's Vision.*

† The doctrine of man's *free agency*, upon the grounds of his being redeemed from the original transgression, has been sufficiently asserted and vindicated in the last Book.

As prey for earth's humiliating tribes !
So falls the fairest flow'r, when past the prime,
And back to its primeval state returns. 370

I do no didebut b v. zgoz zisqA

YE yassal sons of Fortune * ! while the muse O .
Your destiny predicts; with patience hear ! A
Like Phaeton upon his fiery car, q. sq ov W
You give to pleasure and to folly reins, H
Ardent, as who would set the world on fire, bA
Life's passing shadows to pursue ! Yet know, sdT
While in the wild career you inly burn, s n sv o2,
The archer Death pursues you close behind, A o2
With equal speed, and marks you for his prey ! VI
Perhaps th' officious muse, well-meaning errs. 380
'Twere an offence to imitate the page, not at thoI
Who whisper'd at the eastern monarch's ear, i eH
A daily lecture of mortality — has origast thiW
For some are in these later ages grown, ol nevV
So averse to recollect their future fate, i zmu zhuG
As if Fate's Arbiter and they should ne'er alz mH
Join hands ! — To such, unwelcome his approach;
Unwelcome though his visit, lo he comes ! nonA
No might beneath the sun his rapid course douc
Can stay ; — or enervate his potent arm, aldst a 390
Save virtue. + Riches, honours, beauty, fame, V

* Fortunaque dulci i uocacoce o2

. Ebria. ota MHor. i o mepozi o2

+ Virtue is here introduced, by a synecdoche, for the whole of religion.

And

And strength are vain : these, amidst gems and crowns,
Are hurl'd beneath his feet, and **VANITY**
Appears engrav'd indelible on all !
Oft unsuspected schemes the monster plans,
And perdue proves an undermining foe !
While we perhaps are forming mighty schemes,
He makes his onset on our puny race,
And earths us deep in destiny's domain :
That "land of apparitions and of shades." 400
So vain a mortal's boast—so weak his arm,
So fluctuating all his earthly bliss !
Nor more precarious the pale lover's dream,
When near the fond enchantress of his soul,
Lost in some fair Dædalian labyrinth,
He trembling stands—views her approving smiles
With rapture, and scarce wishes other heaven ! A
When lo, too soon, some unexpected scene,
Dark intervening, separates between
Him and the fairest idol of his breast ! 410
In vain his anxious cares to trace her flight.
Anon he wakes and finds himself undone ! U
Such, and so dubious are Life's chiehest joys ; X
Unstable all, and all delusive dreams !
No state of eminence—no lowly lot—
Nor innocence itself, exempts us from
The frequent onset of Misfortune's wave !
The following scenes confirm the truth I sing.

IN Life's converging Voyage, you descry
 Some hoisting sails, with stately elegance, 420
 Before the gale of warm prosperity,
 A fostering breeze!—gliding secure beneath
 The vertical bright beams of zenith power,
 In torrid climes—cheer'd with the flatt'ring hope
 Of floating still with many a prosp'rous gale,
 Through many a future, joyous live-long day.
 They seem possest of all below the sun:
 Of all, but happiness—the sum of all!
 Their elevated masts, expanded sheets,
 And flowing streamers of the rainbow's die, 430
 Salute the clouds of heav'n!—The stately bark,
 Expos'd to each contending element,
 Unballasted, unfraught, bears bounding on
 O'er all th'expansive silver-gleaming scene,
 Unconscious of a storm, and unprepar'd
 For angry Neptune's rage.—Anon he frowns,
 And wakes up from the dark Æolian caves
 The furious hurricane to strike their sails,
 And shew the impotence of human pride!
 Thus oft our chace of earthly happiness
 In disappointment ends! Its soothest tale 440
 Deceives the list'ning ear! And all its joys
 Evaporate like morning dews before
 The ardent sun's all-powerful beams! Ah! then
 The mighty fabric of our hopes is sunk,
 Like some romantic castle in a dream!

STILL let the well-fledg'd muse superior rise,
 And emulate the sky-lark's matin song.
 Ambitious of her theme, she soars to sing
 The fate of kings. Have monarchs cause to dread
 Descent from their superior eminence ? 451
 They who enjoy dame Fortune's envy'd smiles,
 And seem to rise above Misfortune's reach,
 To fairer realms, like demi-gods, and there
 Lull'd in the lap of pleasure—soft repose !
 Can they experience the reverse of fate ?
 Yes : Such may *rise* in splendid wealth abounding,
 Like the rich Lydian chief * ; and *fall* like him . . .
 Of UZ †, stripp'd of their honours, kingdoms,
 crowns !

No state is permanent below the skies : 460
 They shine like stars—but oft like meteors fall !
 Survey at hand the mirror of their fate.
 That stately man of war attracts the eye
 Of every pleas'd beholder ! How he floats
 With majesty from out th'admiriting dock !
 Those spacious sheets, swoln with the whizzing
 gale ;
 And pendant streamers waving to the sky,
 As in contempt of Ocean's utmost rage,
 Attract the eye of wonder from the shores,
 And awe the distant world !—Vain pomp of power !

Catozus.

† Job.

Such

Such stately vessels, split on some proud rock, 471
 Pay low submission to the surging seas.

Such is the lot of FORTUNE's noblest sons.

(Nor crowns nor sceptres give security)

They too submission pay, when fate decrees,
 To the rude insult of Misfortune's wave.

DESCENDING, prone with easy flight—the muse
 To different scenes attends :—And now she sings,
 In melancholy accents to the winds,
 Their luckless fate, by fickle fortune plac'd 480
 In humble stations—in the ebb of Life :
 From the high helm of pow'r they stand aloof ;
 Nor melt beneath the torrid zone of wealth.
 No danger these from fortune's sunshine fear,
 Or need to fear : far different is their fate,
 Rear'd in the rigour of stern winter's reign, 490
 And near ally'd to the rough polar bear,
 A direful train of storms diversify'd
 Obstructs their course, with oft renew'd assail.
 Chill'd by penurious blasts, and full expos'd
 To battering cares, anxieties, and fears,
 Subject to nakedness, and want, and scorn,
 These meagre sons of scanty poverty 500
 Are doom'd to combat misery and woe
 In all their subterfuges, and assaults,
 With unremitting fortitude, till death.

The sickening gleams of proud prosperity,
By them unfelt, portend no future harms.
Yet still, they equal, or superior ills
From chill Adversity's corroding blasts 300
Sustain. Their leaky, weather-beaten skiff, 1)
Shatter'd and toss'd, does seldom entrance find 25
Into the haven of unruffled peace. 30
Like little Nautilus they silent glide
'Twixt rocks and rocks—o'er shallow sounds; as low,
As unregarded, in the eye of Power. 35
And if they chance to wreck, the loss seems small, 1)
And small is the alarm :—They founder oft
Amid the shifting sands of Accident; 40
And sometimes strike on rocks of deep despair: 50
But seldom are they known to overset 3: 55
By the opprobrious blast of envy. Safe: 60
From proud ambition—the prepost'rous gale 10
Of airy fortune bears them not astray.
The busy bustle and formality
Of Life, in higher rank, affects them not. 65
Nor thieves, nor pirates, deem them worth regard;
Their shallow sloop, and tatter'd weeds, escape 70
The fury of the raging elements.
With light proportion'd freight, and lowly sheets 520
They steer secure where gallant ships would heel.
Some privileges are by charter theirs! 75
Yet they have much to fear, and much to feel!: 80

Full frequent dangers, and a train of ills
 Their course attend. Fates not unlike to theirs
 The northern pilot rues—where shining seas,
 Glew'd by the nitrous particles of air,
 Are pil'd in many a ridge, like pearly rocks
 Or crystal pyramids, to meet the clouds ;
 Adding new lustre to the spangled skies ! 530
 Such icy barriers sailors dread to meet.
 Near Zembla's or cold Greenland's glittering shores,
 Such fluctuating islands, Delos-like, obstruct
 Their perilous passage—oft with fatal force,
 Crush into ruins the environ'd bark,
 And sink it deep beneath huge hills of ice.
 Thus proud oppressors sometimes grind the poor,
 Friendless, forlorn ; they too, one day, must sink
 Beneath the mountains of eternal ire.

HAPPY the man, who, plac'd in equal rank 540
 'Twixt riches glare and adverse poverty,
 Glides silent on secure from Evil's frowns,
 O'er the smooth surface of Life's calmest bay !
 He feels content his constant inmate : Joy
 And happiness are his. Nor would he change
 His lot for wealth and care. Full well he knows,
 Life's Voyage, in each high extreme, abounds
 With ills close clust'ring in a num'rous train.

BUT this is reason's and religion's choice;
A choice that's sought by few. The mind of man,
Desultory and vain, is like the sea,
When agitated in a storm it rolls,
Dashing its foaming billows on the shores,
Restless and "never fixed in one stay."
So man—if he one wish obtain, for which
His ardent soul was bent—panting anew;
He forms another: that obtain'd, a third
Expands his swelling breast: He hoists fresh sails,
And plies each oar with double diligence;
But ere his kindling ardours are allay'd,
The lab'ring keel strikes foul upon a rock,
And rushing torrents soon his thirst assuage.
Some pant for riches, some for honours burn;
And not a few for pleasures bend their course:
Pursuing shadows, grasping at the wind;
But unsubstantial all their efforts prove.

SOME bend their course for gold! And near Peru
Cast anchor, flush'd with fervent hope of gain:
Assiduous, thence with long and tedious toil,
They lade their vessel with the glitt'ring ore: 570
Till deep compress'd: — the first swoln wave
involves
In total darkness all their future hopes!

SOME court the great, ambitious of their smiles,
And worship at their shrine. Unenvy'd, I
Their lame pursuit now see—and now I deem
Myself more happy in this humble shed,
Like one escap'd the billows—cast on shore
By favour of some floating plank, secure
To paint their shipwreck, and their fates deplore,
Safe on the confines of my native land !

580

HERE let me seize the precious sands of TIME,
And purchase wisdom at the golden mart
Of opportunity ;—intent to learn
Life's work, importance, end ; and how to steer
As reason guides, and virtue's dictates teach :
Here let me meditate on future scenes,
And how to stand secure in that “great day,”
When mighty ruins wreck this stately globe,
And th'elements one burning mass appear :
RELIGION ! then thy needful aid afford, 590
And bear me safe to thy celestial shore.

I have said—will not all men be
wise? I now say—will not all men be wise? and if
there be any man that will not be wise, he will be
wise to his own shame. Let us then strive to be
wise. If we do not, we shall be foolish. Let us then
endeavour to be wise. If we do not, we shall be
foolish.

THE

VOYAGE OF LIFE.

BOOK VIII.

THE ARGUMENT.

Life—(in this Book is chiefly viewed in a Moral Light) its Course compared to a Stream, and lost in Futurity, as a Current in the Ocean. A sublime and solitary Scene. Melancholy—its Joys. A Cave—entered and described as the Abode of Solitude. The Author's Soliloquy to his Harp. Truth—a Definition of it—its Test—how distinguished from Error.—Reflection on the Ills of Life. Ingratitude—described and exploded. Friendship—its fickle and precarious Tenor—true Friendship defined, and opposed to that of the World. Parasites—esteemed and patronised—by whom. Merit—its Claim considered—who are its Friends—the Advantages derived to it from Patronage? The Disadvantages resulting to Genius from unaffluent Circumstances.

THE
VOYAGE OF LIFE.

BOOK VIII.

LIKE him whom all-directing Providence
Erst cast on Patmos isle, I feel escap'd
The fury of the raging elements :
Like him I muse, tho' not like him inspir'd :
And sit awhile in this sequester'd shade,
Beside a cooling brook, whose silent lapse
Illusive steals away—and suddenly
Immingles with the main !—To Reason's eye,
Life's stream rolls on perceptible ; yet rolls
Unheeded, though with unremitting speed ; 10
And Chronos * gives the signal to embark
Ere we prepare for future destiny !

* TIME.

He

He too, like yonder tide, brooks no delay,
 Till Life is swallow'd in futurity,
 As is this current in the vast abyss.

SACRED to meditation be the shade
 Where peaceful I recline ! This sea-worn nook,
 Polish'd with all the tedious toil and art
 Of Neptune's curious hand, shall softer strains
 And gentler notes prolong, than what the din 20
 Of howling winds and waves, re-echo'd late,
 Indignant in the storm * : No storm is seen
 In agitation now. The molten sea,
 Uniting with the distant firmament,
 Appears one livid, one unbounded glare !

How grand the scene ! The prospect how sublime !
 That broad interminable sea presents
 A lively image of immensity
 To the perceptive mind ! To meet the eye
 The silver-glancing waves roll from afar, 30
 With many a stately vessel under sail,
 Floating in solemn majesty !—and each
 Bears on in hope to gain some destin'd port :
 Fit emblem of the final lot of man :
 One only difference seems : In that great day
 Of recompense, two harbours, only two,
 Await the future fates of all mankind !

* Alluding to the former part of Book vii.

On either hand the craggy rocks display
Their awful summits to the spacious skies,
As in defiance of the wreck of Time. 40
Yet vaunt not stedfast earth : nor you, proud main,
Exult : Time is recorded in the rolls
Of fate, when all your waves shall blush to blood ;
And earth thy hills to fire ! These solemn scenes
To melancholy musing move the mind :
And oft the sober joys of melancholy
Elate the soul, and rouse her noblest powers.
'Tis then the muse affords sublimest joy,
When wrapp'd in tempests, and convolv'd in glooms
Of deepest horror, we pursue her flight, 50
And mark her purple track thro' tragic scenes.
We feel our interest in th'account : the heart
Expands, and all the vital powers then seem
Enkindling in a flame ;—while sympathy
And conscious safety counteract, and raise
Strange passions in the soul !—From whence the
joys
Which spring from scenes of woe ? They hence
arise ;
The consciousness of self-security
Prevails o'er every feeling in the breast,
And leniates all our grief.—Then Life is sweet,
When from the jaws of ruin we escape ; 61

Surmount the billows, and obtain our port—
And melancholy's joys are most sublime!

DARE I invade this lofty cave's recess !
A solemn awe trills deep in every nerve,
And trembling langour steals o'er all my frame !
As those who visit dreary vaults, when shines
The shadowy moon, or in some sacred fane
Bow down before the all-pervading Power,
Whose presence then seems intimately nigh,
Fancy themselves 'mong disembody'd ghosts ;
As solemn now I feel beneath the dome
Of this tremendous arch, by nature form'd :
I feel impress'd with a religious awe
In the dun twilight, and deep echoing vaults !
Yet soon my fears subside ! No danger here
Lurks nocent. In this cave, perhaps the green
Sea-nymphs and sportive naiads love to dance !
It matters not.—These mantling weeds,
Inwove with ivy, pendant from the cliff,
Adorn the entrance—and supply the aid
Of massy doors—emitting glimm'ring rays
To aggrandize the deep internal scene.
This seems as Nereus' spacious hall ! and proves
A grateful shelter from the noon-tide beams.

† Dr. Blair, in his Belles Lettres, has established the principle, that, Whatever is productive of terror is necessarily sublime.

All Nature's works discover some design.
In this romantic scene, these gloomy vaults,
Tho' dreary as the solemn catacombs
Where sleeping heroes lie in sober state,
Methinks fresh vigour springs up in the soul :—
Concentred in herself—she feels her powers ;
Wings her adventurous flight beyond the stars,
And scarce looks back on earth's unstable joys.
Hence, ye obtruding “ vanities of life ! ”
Break not the charm which hides me from your sight.

From all the world abstracted, give me here,
With sober Solitude a while to muse—
Companion e'er dear ! More musical
Thy soft still voice to fancy's list'ning ear
Than to the virgin, mourning plighted faith,
The lovelorn tale of the soothè nightingale,
Pouring her pensive plaint to notes of woe !

AND still, my harp, the sweetly pensive notes
Prolong, and warble to the list'ning caves ;
The caves shall echo back the plaintive song.
The list'ning genii of the lucent floods
Shall keep attentive, and prolong the strain !
Of old such magic dwelt among the strings,
That rocks, and rivers, and th'admitting groves
Th'attraction felt—and Illion's walls sprang up !

I 2 Then

Then gods, and heroes, and creation's works
Trill'd thro' the sounding lyre ! And strange to tell,
A new creation seem'd to rise in view,
While music breath'd an energy divine !
Is ART decay'd ? Such skill no mortal boasts
In these degenerate days ! Hence it might seem,
Nature's primeval springs are all relax'd ;
Her vital and harmonious pow'rs unstrung !
Fables may please the fancy, and amuse
The dissipated mind ; but if oppos'd
To truth and reason, let the muse assume
Her happier province,—stand on reason's base !
Within the bound of probability,—
And wake the lyre, in high exalted strains,
To touch the softer passions, and to move
The stony from the torpid breast : To teach
The callous heart to feel the force of truth
Invincible, and echo back the strain !

AND, "what is Truth?" Of prime importance
seems
The query to our peace. Twas uttered once
From off the judgment-seat, where equity
And truth should shine with splendour ! and apply'd also
To him who best that question could resolve—
Who has implanted definition just
Within the heart of man. What then is TRUTH ?
Tis Reason's unsophisticated voice,

Which

Which full accords with conscience ; that
 Unerring God within that cannot lie ;
 Who bears a faithful record to the right, 159
 And makes us rue the wrong !—'Tis truth informs
 That *same* things are. And reason hence concludes
 There is a God, “ by whom all things consist,”
 Or there could nothing be : and, hence, effects
 From causes spring as unavoidably
 As from the sun proceeds the gladsome day.
 Hence truth and reason terminate in one
 Unvarying point, as rivers in the sea.—
 As in the polish'd mirror we descry
 Just images of things ; so truth reflects,
 Upon the mirror of th'attentive mind, 150
 Realities—with certain evidence :
 We prove the likeness just, and call it TRUTH !
 As this deep cavern echos back the sound
 Of accents, with distinct veracity,
 So truth recites the voice of reason. Truth
 Proclaims the things that were—that are—and those
 Hereafter to commence.—The sacred gift
 Of prophecy, was the prerogative
 Of early days, when Truth stoop'd down from
 heav'n,
 With Inspiration in her voice, and prov'd* 160
 Her evidence invincible, divine !

* Alluding to the miracles which attended the Mosaic and Christian dispensations of Divine Revelation.

Her office, and prerogative, was then to do it
 To illumine, and convince, a wond'ring world—
 Predicting great events, thro' rolling years,
 And ages yet unborn; weighing the fates
 Of kings, of empires, and of distant worlds,
 Till time's last period:—and ere time has drawn
 The curtain, opening half the scene above;
 Below, to wake our fears; to animate
 Our hopes; and give us to behold afar,
 As in a glass, the blaze of future day! 170
 Her office now, is to conduct our course
 Through all th'assailing ills and incidents
 Of Life, aright; to guide, conciliate,
 With soothing hope—and then to set us free 180

SINCE errors seem connected close with truth,
 Small deviations to the right or left
 Are scarce perceptible; but soon the mind,
 Pursuing either scheme, proceeds to lengths 190
 Which prove a medium lies between th'extremes.
 If from a central point they seem to part,
 What test infallible remains, of force
 To guard the right and disconcert the wrong?
 Explore the BOOK OF GOD! That sacred code
 Is Truth's deposit to the world, in which a voice,

* John viii. 32.

§ — Unus utriusque error, sed variis illudit partibus. HOR.

More musical than angels lyres, attracts
 The ear of wisdom, and inspires the heart,
 Conscious of its divine veracity:—
 In *iba:*, the test of truth shines clear. 1 In *that*
 A solemn voice, heard loud in heav'n, proclaims
 The future fate of error †;—echding far 191
 O'er distant continents, from shore to shore,
 The glorious conquests of Jehovah's word *!
 Yet men there are, deceiving and deceiv'd,
 Who lie in wait, the simple to beguile
 With shew of wisdom and philosophy ‡;
 But deviating from God's written word:—
 Truth meekly stands, as erst at Pilate's bar,
 Arraign'd, condemn'd, and then expos'd to scorn
 By Antichristian art! But time will come, 200
 When TRUTH, with her celestial rays, will shine
 Confusion on her foes:—will clear the world
 From all the futile wrongs and bold assaults
 Of each malignant foe, who fain would tear
 The sacred record from her hand—O mad
 Indignity! and cast it to the flames.

¶ Mark xvi. 16. • Rev. xix. 23.—23. VII

† The Author wishes that these lines may be construed as only levelled against the *insinuations* of *superstition* of the Poet, and the *speculations* καὶ τις οὐτῶν of the Apostle. He regards Philosophy as the handmaid of Devotion and Truth; and as the most useful, and most honourable, of human sciences. Most good things are liable to abuse; but the abuse does not supersede the value and use of what is intrinsically good.

Truth is invincible. Immortal Truth
Can all things vanquish: and some future day
Will gain access to every ear, more loud
Than peals of thunder! Truth alone
Will stand the test when earth's strong pillars bend,
To ruin drop, and with the heav'ns decay!
Who sides with Truth, in heav'n is his reward:
Unfading laurels shall adorn his brow;
And honours such as God's right hand bestows.

YET one distinction still remains, of note,
'Twixt truth and error,—obvious to the wise:—
Error is subtle, intricate, and deep;—
Perplex'd in fallacies, in labyrinths lost!
Requiring learning, ingenuity, and art,
To plead her cause;—and yet, in spite of art,
Such cause must fail; though Plausibility,
Fluent of tongue, such office oft performs
Beneath the pompous mask of syllogisms!
Enthimemes! axioms!—from false premises,
Of course, deducing false conclusions;—prompt
With specious shew th'unwary to deceive:—
But truth is simple, energetic, plain,
Graceful, majestic, eloquent, divine!
Suited to all capacities, all states:—
Who listens to her dictates, tho' a fool
Esteem'd by Error and her pompous train
Of advocates, makes clear his course, unerring,

While

While themselves wide wandering from the port
Of Paradise, bear adverse many a league !
Truth too is salutary, cordial, clear
As the pellucid springs of Arcady,
Bearing illumination to the eyes
Of every honest, rational inquirer—
Of virtue to restore the mental powers ; 240
More healing far than Jordan's sacred stream,
More strength'ning than Bethesda's heav'n-mov'd
pool !
The humble pitcher of an honest heart
Let down into that sacred well of life,
Imbibes from thence, as from the fount of God,
Fresh springs of solace to the thirsty soul.

WHAT greater truth than this, that Life abounds
With ills of mighty magnitude ?—With ills,
From which no favour'd human being can claim
A privileg'd exemption : and from which 250
No prudence can protect, no foresight screen !
The world's a scene of wrongs : a theatre
Of conflicts, frequent as our fleeting days,
And constant as the still returning tides !
Life's ills are numerous as th'autumnal leaves,
Or spires of mantling grass which spring adorn,
These call aloud for patience ;—and when borne
With Christian fortitude, enhancè the crown
Of future recompense, in yonder state
Of

Of renovation—not descry'd afar—
When rectitude and equity commence,
And Truth and Justice bear eternal sway.

THAT perfect state is not arriv'd: mean time,
Permit the muse to cast a transient glance
O'er scenes full obvious in this fickle state—
Where patience, courage, and true fortitude,
Are needed much to brook the latent harms
That throng Life's passage through:—nor more
abound 't is in to strive at—
The seas with craggy rocks, than Life with ills.
Sad history! yet such as Truth approves.
Numbers may find their interest in th'account,
For Truth is int'resting; while we are men,
Truth and experience claim our first regards:—
From these the ear of wisdom never turns.

IN life's unequal course what various scenes
Display man's frequent tendency to vice,
His instability in virtue's paths!
Yet man, vain erring man, *himself* forgets
To scan his brother's faults with critic eye!
Forgetful of his ill deserts, receives
Blessings from Heav'n, and favours from his friend
Alike with thankless heart! and if, at length,
The long-continu'd liberality
From Charity's fair hand should cease to flow,

Ingratitude

Ingratitude consigns each former good
 To dark oblivion. Insolence repays
 The countless acts of pure benevolence !
 Too glaring proof of a degen'rate mind !
 Should I behold, and like the panting hart
 When heated in the chace observe afar, 290
 The cooling lucent spring from out the rock,
 When sultry Sirius darts down his rays direct,
 Afford less copious plenty to allay
 My sever'd tongue ;—yet still my tongue shall bless
 The sacred spring for what it gives ; and wait
 More copious streams ! Ingratitude requites
 A thousand kindnesses with disrespect ;
 And soon forgets each lavish bounty given !
 I've seen a transient blast of fortune blow 295
 Gay feather'd quails, and rain down manna, round
 The tents where low dependency till late
 Ever attentive cring'd ! The gen'rous deed
 Was now, of course, no more solicited :
 And who would think what consequence ensu'd :
 The donor,—tho' his country and his friends
 Lay near his heart, yet found himself oppos'd,
 Discarded *, injur'd by the clam'rous brood
 Who long dependant shar'd his “ lib'ral things : ”
 The vassals well nigh grown above their lord,
 Unlike the ass, forgot their master's crib ! 310

* As a public member of the legislature.

Yet let me not discourage liberal acts,
From the perverse misconduct of a few:
There are, who bless the liberal hand till death;
And then invoke its recompence on high!
Still, let BENEVOLUS peifist;—and hope
A future recompence: for CHARITY *
From the pleas'd eye of Heaven attracts regard!
While base INGRATITUDE, abhor'd of God,
And shunn'd by man, obtains its just reward:
Fit recompence, if banish'd from the tents
Of social intercourse, to lick the dust
Amid the serpent train.—INGRATITUDE!
The sound grates on the startled ear! It seems
The basest crime subsisting out of hell!
In it, by strange antipathy, there dwells
A dæmon power which angels erst could turn away;
To foulest fiends—to what then mortal men?
Suspend the tale, tho' true, when art must sink;
And language fail to paint the horrid scene!

NOR only former obligations cease
To gain respect and due acknowledgment;
But friends, acknowledg'd once, are heard to pour
Their fruitless plaint in friendship's frozen ear.

* There is not a word, perhaps, in the English language more perverted, and less understood, in vulgar ideas, than the word, *Charity*; which includes no less than a pure, godlike, affection of love or philanthropy; and which is the source of all noble and liberal deeds.

Estrang'd

Estrang'd, unknown, when fortune frowns, and
cold Calamity has mark'd them of her train. Fortune and friendship twine a brittle band, By ruthless accident soon rent in twain ! Such the unstable friendship of the world— Nor call it friendship—"Enmity with God" Its sinner appellation*!—Friendship, pure And permanent, must form a sacred knot Indissoluble: nor can a two-edg'd sword, Tho' season'd high as Alexander's blade, And drench'd in blood, sever the Gordian twines] Its record is in heaven, by angels read, By white-rob'd saints admir'd: Still, like a flame, It higher soars, and kindles in the skies, Surmounting time, and fate, and death's assault ! What tho' these often rend true friends apart; Anon they meet—how far above these scenes Of instability—not sever more.

True friendship—is in virtue only form'd, Uniting kindred spirits in a band Of lasting union, which shall grow mature, And be consummated in perfect bliss. I feel at heart 'my theme'! Fir'd with the view, Th'enraptur'd muse assays to vindicate The cause of virtue—virtue ever dear!

• St. James.

For

For me, should Gratitude desert this breast ;
 And the few dear respects to friendship due 360
 E'er cease to kindle here—ah ! let me first
 Be banish'd from society's sweet joys !
 First, may this feeling heart, absorb'd in death,
 Its vital fluid ever cease to pour ;
 This tongue be mute—these eyes in darkness clos'd.

As rays beam brighter forth off sable shades,
 So virtue clearer shines oppos'd to vice :
 And good, oppos'd to ill, new lustre gains.
 While yet the muse assays to ascertain
 The purest source of earthly happiness, 370
 True friendship's sacred joys ! With pain she marks
 An ill to lurk in ambush—which appears
 Too close connected with her present theme :
 An ill—that such true friendship in this clime,
 So seldom ripens into bliss mature ;
 While bitter fruits of rivalry appear
 Under the polish'd leaves of courtesy,
 Till all the tree is blighted, and becomes
 Rotten at heart—fit fuel for the fire !
 Then fell resentment lays its branches low ! 380
 The friendship that gives place to diffidence
 To canker at the root, soon fades away ;
 A winter of desertion next ensues ;
 When mutual confidence ne'er fans a flame
 In breasts once form'd to cherish heavenly fires.

Nor friendships premature, alone deceive :
All earth-born joys are vain. All hopes beguile,
But those deriv'd from an unfailing Source.—
In this loose state of guilt and impotence,
On Life's tumultuous sea, who has not seen 390
Sad shipwreck made of faith—sincerity—
And conscience clear—that cordial friend of man!
Who in an arm of flesh too much confides,
Is highly reprehensible: I deem,
Experience will one day his folly chide !
Since friendship stands connected with your peace,
First prove your friend, then trust him as a man :
But build your hopes alone on the Supreme.

THE muse has seen vile parasites aspire
To aim at strides which nature ne'er design'd 400.
For pigmy pow'rs :—a mercenary tribe
Of venal tools! How like to monkeys, set
Alost upon a pinnacle, they stand
With a facetious grin !—an obvious mark
For satire to let fly its winged shafts—
Like oracles with demons fraught within,
Applauding excellence they never felt,
And never can commend: their feet are set
In slipp'ry places—suddenly they sink,
To poverty, contempt, and grief a prey ! 410
—Granted that vapid sops are patronis'd,
Ahd

And sometimes rais'd to short-liv'd eminence,
 By their fraternity ;—I spare the wise ;
 While men of worth with unassuming port,
 Unskill'd in low ingratiating arts
 Are easily o'erlook'd : and if as wise
 As Socrates—as wife perhaps might be,
 And be like him discarded ! Time has seen
 Fair Virtue's pupils stand aloof awhile
 Unnotic'd in the throng ; and modest worth,
 Tho' quite rever'd in wisdom's prime esteem,
 And not by heav'n's intelligence unmark'd,
 Has wept and dy'd unknown. Yet this is rare :
 For virtue is true excellence—She leads
 Her chosen favourites, conspicuous,
 Straight up the steep and smooth ascent to fame !
 Yet obstacles may intercept her way ;
 And merit meet not here its due reward.
 Th' illustrious learn'd, by num'rous objects press'd,
 Not always can find leisure to attend
 The voice of merit, and due deference pay
 To its supreme regard.—Th'unletter'd throngs,
 True worth to value know not. How should they,
 While proud insulting Ignorance pervades,
 And domineers—so like th'Athenian hag,
 Cotyto old, who wanton orgies held,
 When darkness dropp'd its curtain o'er the world ?
 Their sense of right is oft but splendid wrong !
 How far surpassing these in worth, appear

The sage discriminating few, who shine 440.
In learning's richest stores, tho' not possess
Of diadems and gold—These know the worth
Of innate virtue :—They may lack the power
In this unequal state to patronize
True merit, and support its dignity :
Yet not a tongue its value to attest,
Or glowing heart its owner to approve.
Yet all of *eminence* are not bereft
Of honour, nor to merit's voice estrang'd :
All are not sordid. Numbers still remain 450)
Who real worth prefer.—Th'example comes,
Deriv'd with force, down from the British throne;
Whence men of worth, in navy, church, and state,
Are signaliz'd, and listed to the helm.
There are inferior ranks who such esteem,
And seek them out as treasure: inly glad [up
To announce their worth, when found, and list them
To life and liberty ! 'Tis only such
Who sanction give to merit by their deeds,
Who nobly think and act, the title claim 460
Of true nobility. Such, like the sun,
Dispensing kindly influence afar,
Shall ascertain the prime ascent to fame.
Their name becomes immortal. Theirs the praise
To cherish lib'ral arts. The province theirs
To cheer the sacred MUSES in their haunts, And

And trace their every movement with delight ;
If on the sunny bank dispos'd to range
Among the bleating flocks, or in the lawns
Where lowing herds look gay—or hid beneath
A verdant canopy, where lofty trees
Embow'r a shade, and pour wild melody
From forth a thousand reeds !—or if beside
The babbling brook, or cool Castalian spring
Reclin'd—or in some grot or cave's recess,
As this where now I find a sacred fane—
Or if the muse, Camilla like, on wing
Should skim o'er wavy cornfields—and the billows !
It matters not, while moral is the lay,
And musical, to soothe the gentle ear ;
To form the mind to virtue, and excite
The finest feelings in the glowing breast.
When true MÆCENAS listen to her strain—
The well-fledg'd muse, beneath the fost'ring
warmth
Of a congenial sky, or basks secure,
Or soars to higher eminence—where, like
The rising lark, she sings more soft and clear !

As a meridian sun to diamonds
Sheds lustre from its blaze,—the human mind,
If not irrationally dark, must shine
Beneath the dazzling rays of eminence ;
The soul expand, the sentiments refine,

This

This seems a well-authenticated rule, ~~that~~ that
 That "Wisdom waits on State;" yet this is true,
 Simplicity oft keeps the door: and those
 Who make the best pretensions, enter inward.
 I grant exalted patronage a birth
 Of no small privilege. This motto holds,
 "Genius gains lustre while the GREAT use tools!"
 But should true genius be remote;—like coin ~~is good~~
 Of base alloy, the more they rub, the more
 The counterfeit appears, to pay their toil!
 Whatever means, conducive to an end,
 Are sought; the means alone can seldom gain
 That end, exclusive of the needful aid
 Of fit materials:—these must be at hand.
 Would you unfold my meaning? Here it lies:
 "A fool, in Plato's school, remain'd a fool!"
 "A mule, a mule tho' Solomon did stride him;"
 "Not sage Prometheus can new brains infuse;"
 "Nor mend the hobbling gait of such a steed!"
 The common pebble in an artist's hand,
 Tho' skilful wrought, not with the agate vies,
 Nor does the ruby like the diamond shine.
 But as the diamond in polishing
 A New lustre gains, so in society
 With men of worth the mind gains brighter stores;
 And shines with splendour, like the morning star
 Seen on Aurora's forehead in the dawn!
 This truth is worthy of a prince's ear: 520

Once

‘Once, **TITLES**, gave a temporary fame
 ‘To kings—**to poets dedications**;—now
 ‘**’Tis only MERIT** can procure the palm,
 ‘**Of immortality**, and raise a monument,
 ‘As durable as time to bear its name *!
 Not common genius durst to this aspire.
 Few Cæsars shine in state. Perhaps as few
 For genius, *eminent*, do grace the world.
 Genius is not so rare, It has been found
 In cottages as well as courts to dwell; 530
 Yet seldom nurtur’d there. True native worth
 May live in lowness of station—ne’er
 To greet the light of learning—persevere
 In science steps—or shake the generous hand.
 Whatever sparks by nature may be given,
 They lack the power of kindling in a flame:
 Depriv’d of fortune’s fostering warmth, the seeds
 Of innate worth, in many a gentle breast,
 Lie latent, bury’d by chill penury—
 No fruitful harvest can of course ensue; 540
 Imagination never revels here.
 No “gentle zephyrs” waft Arabian sweets
 Across the sense;—nor sing they of the bowl
 High sparkling with the juices of Falern,
 Until imagination drunken reels!

* *Quique sui memores alios fecere merendo.* VIRG.

They dream not of delights, in fairy lands,
 Which reason ne'er conceiv'd of:—wide of these,
 The vigour of the soul, depress'd, must sink,²¹
 Beneath the frigid zone—a winter day!
 And such to souls plac'd far from fortune's smiles
 The day of Life. Ah! what avails it them 558
 That nature kindled sparks of vital fire
 Within their breast:—the muse's sacred flame—
 When they no meet materials can supply,
 The genial flame must languish—and expire.

Thus oft in dreary desarts grow the seeds
 Of stateliest pines, amid the forest wild;
 But drooping die for lack of culture's aid:—
 And oft in mines, by mountains bury'd deep, 559
 Lie close conceal'd the gems * that crowns adorn.

* The Author acknowledges himself indebted to a well-known stanza in Mr. GRAY's admired Elegy, for the concluding sentiment,

"Full many a gem," &c.

The day of life is not a delighful, in fact it is
What we have not : consisting of :—what we
The gift of life is all dependence upon
Benefit into living soul—a mind, and !
And this is to some body for whom there is no
The day of life. All material substance is given 251
The easiest privilege tasks of life are
With it our powers :—the more we have
What we have no need want it can't be
and every thing is lost.

This is the greatest blessing given the body
Of intelligence power, mind, the forces will ;
The looking to the love of creatures ; but
And of no man's body, by the love of his soul ;
This is the greatest happiness, the same, 252
It is the greatest pleasure, independent of a world
of creatures, for it is creature.

THE END.

THE VOYAGE OF LIFE.

THE

VOYAGE OF LIFE.

BOOK IX.

THE ARGUMENT.

Evening and Night-Scenes, from off navigable Rivers, improved to moral and religious Pleasures. View of the early Dawn—Incitement to rising betimes, and to Industry. The quick Succession of Days and Seasons, an Emblem of Human Life. The Vanity of Earthly Attachments. Life's Prospects traced through the several Periods of its Course; with Incitements to Hope, and to Religion, as our chief Solace. Irreligion considered as the highest Instance of Ingratitude. Its Consequence drawn from the Fate of ancient Nineveh. The Case of the Prophet Jonah—illustrated and improved. A Retrospect of Life from Infancy to Old Age. The Grave our Port. Review of the Subject, and Conclusion.

THE

THE
VOYAGE OF LIFE.

BOOK IX.

WHAT time the lavish year its bounties pours
In rich and plentiful profusion round,
The flower of Albion's sons, embark'd, glide
smooth
Adown the learned *Iris'* gentlest stream,
And breathe the ev'ning gales, which dance around
In wanton frolic, and are seen to kiss
The surface soft and clear; while Flora breathes
Odoriferous her sweets, across the sense,
From off the fragrant fields, or open lawns,
Or meads of new-mown hay; rough Industry
Exerts his every nerve, and toils o'er all

The busy country round : How grand the scene !
How wonted to inspire !—While music pours
Its native wild notes from the cosy brink,
Commix'd with dulcet chime of distant bells,
Now heard, now lost, at intervals,—or pipe
Of soothest shepherd, trilling to the ear,
Awakes to memory Arcadian scenes ;
Delighted and delighting, all then feel
Pleasure's soft impulse : All then taste the joys
Of innocence ; and seem t'imbibe a gale
Prom Paradise ! Such sweets, such prospects, breathe
An ardour o'er the soul ! Callous the heart,
And Fordid is the breast, that never feels
The glow divine ; that never melts, refin'd,
Beneath the bounties of the breathing God,
Who smiles o'er all his works : beneath whose eye
Nature exults and sings ! In nature's works
How visible his hand ! how bright his beams !
How felt his power ! his tenderness ! his love !
More sweet than music's strains to the charm'd ear,
To the sooth'd soul the breathings of his love !
Another sense the sprightly Voyagers
Indulge unblam'd. Th'elated eye descrys
Augusta's hundred spires ! uprear'd sublime
Above the smoky surge !—Of Britain's fame
Fit emblem, which extends o'er many a realm,
And wakes to jealousy a wond'ring world !
And now the forests views ; and now the groves,
With rural villages, at intervals,

In ever-pleasing gay variety !
 Such Twickenham ! once the muses favour'd haunt : -
 Rochampton such, with verdant honours crown'd :
 While fleecy clouds extend o'er all the scene ;)
 The quivering scene appears, reflected clear,
 On the soft surface of the silver stream !)

STILL bolder scenes delight th'enraptur'd muse
 Mid Cambria's salutary rocks and dales,
 His residence, whose leisure finds an hour
 To chant these moral and descriptive lays. 50
 O'er Vaga's rolling stream, profuse and wild,
 What views appear ! How various ! How sublime !
 What tow'ring hills o'er hills are seen to rise,
 With stately ruins grac'd of nodding walls *,
 And leaning towers †, which once might have been
 deem'd

Impregnable, if ever work of Art

* History is very silent about the origin of the most ancient of these castles, the ruins of which are still seen upon some of the hills and precipices in Wales. As they differ materially in the construction and workmanship from those of more modern date, they must have been built at a much earlier period than any which I have seen recorded, and at a large expence of brick and popularity. The mortar with which the ruins (for instance, of Castle Tiber, in South Wales) is still cemented, is so exceeding firm, that every broken fragment is as united and hard as an entire flinty stone.

† There is part of a tower that now stands nodding over the ruins of an ancient castle in Glamorganshire, which is esteemed, by travellers, as an equal curiosity with the leaning tower of Pisa.

Impregnable were justly deem'd. Within
 Those moated mounds Credulity surveys
 Huge tombs*, where bones were found of mon-
 strous size †,
 Incredible, yet of the human form! 160
 Hence vulgar legendary tales affirm
 Giants, renown'd in prowess, to have rul'd
 The terrify'd inhabitants around,
 With cruel arbitration uncontrol'd.
 Aloft o'er these, the mariner descry's
 More doubtful various scenes—to where afar
 The blue pale mountains elevated heights,
 Like pyramids, might seem to prop the skies.
 Such Snowdon, bleak and white ! Plynnimon such,
 Whence Vaga and Sabrina fair run down M 160
 The craggy cliffs, abrupt, with speedy feet,
 In haste to gain the valleys, and to cheer
 The sons of Commerce with their maiden streams !
 Such Kadar-Idris ! fam'd for Alpine plants ;

* The monstrous seeming tombs, which are vulgarly supposed in this country to have been the graves of the giants, and which I myself have seen near the ruins of ancient castles, are, in all probability, long and large pits, which were dug when those fabrics were demolished, to deposit the remains of the ancient Britons who fell in defence of their country.

† Grandiaque effossis mirabitur osa sepulchris. VIRG.
 And

And Penmannawr, which frowns aloft o'er seas,
 And casts his shadow on the distant isles !
 Scal'd with hot thunderbolts, the mountains groan;
 Nods tremulous ; and frequent seems on fire
 With the red flash ! rebellowing back the roar
 Of warring elements from cloud to cloud !—
 Such pond'rous mountains seem to overwhelm
 The shores, and stop* the river's course ! Such scenes
 By the Creator's pencil drawn, afford
 The true sublime : and fire th'attentive muse !
 The Cambrian scenes are wild, irregular,
 And great ; as great, irregular, and wild
 The genins † of the Cambrian muse appears.

You Monarch of the Day now rolls his car
 Beyond th'Atlantic billows ! In return,
 Fair Luna, queen of night, emerges forth
 From out the Eastern wave, and seems as fair
 As Dian's self when bathing ! Lo, she walks

! In navigating some of the rivers in Wales, a person might
 imagine, at intervals, that the nodding mountains had barred up
 their course ; and that the river must penetrate through the
 depth of the hills, till he find, upon a nearer survey, the craggy
 rocks have unlocked their seemingly impregnable gates for the
 passage of the rapid and clamorous torrent !

† Genius is here used for natural b.e.t., &c. The enthusiastic fire and energy of the Welsh Bards, in their own language, has been acknowledged and admired through many ages.

In peerless majesty, advancing up
 The steep of heav'n ! As conscious of her state,
 She oft among the silver-tissu'd clouds
 Looks out, and smiles on all th'admirin' world !
 To emulate her brother she would shine,
 Tho' with his borrow'd rays ! Yet half his loss
 Is by her softer beams not ill supply'd.
 And in her absence— Providence so kind,
 So attentive seems to all the wants of man,
 That heav'n and earth combine to make him bless'd.
 Then Hesperus,* lights up his splendid lamp,
 And leads the vocal constellations round
 In maizy dance, throughout the silent hours ;
 Till Lucifer † relieves him from his charge,
 And shines the herald of the blushing morn !
 Meantime, nocturnal glooms are vocal made
 By Philomel, sweet warbler of the shades !
 Pouring her plaintive song thro' all the groves !
 In strains excelling art ! Her minstrelsy is inserv't
 To love and innocence, sounds ever sweet !

* *Hesperus*, the Evening Star. The Author would not be understood to affirm, that the glorious luminaries of heaven were created solely for the service and delight of man : they, doubtless, answer higher ends : but that they are serviceable to man is undeniable ; and it affords a high display of the goodness and wisdom of God, that by one means he acquires many ends. In the movements and operations of his providence, there is ever “ a wheel within a wheel ! ”

† The Morning Star.

The Voyagers now all attention seem !
Calm as the silent night. PHILOSOPHY
Appears ! and oft with elevated look
She views the stars—attends their softer song,
And drinks their glories in ! Their thousand lamps
Kindle divine ambition in the soul,
Which things terrestrial cannot quench, and wake
Devotion there ! Her fane the UNIVERSE. 120
The wat'ry plain a silver pavement seems,
The concave vault, adorn'd with studs of gold,
A glorious canopy—divinely bright !
All, all is lustre here ! All majesty
Which elevates the soul ! More sumptuous shines !
This fane than all the proud magnificence
That richest eastern temples e'er could boast.
Imperial Rome and ancient Babylon,
Surpassing all the boast of modern art,
With palaces and gardens hung in air ; 130
With stately halls, proud porticos, and domes
Illumin'd bright on some high festival,—
Are here outdone, far as the streaming morn
Exceeds the glimmering taper's feeble ray.
Xon glorious luminaries feast the eye,
And raise the soul to Heav'n. Their sacred beams
Illumé the heart to veneration pure,
And wake up in the mind emotions strong
T'adore th'OMNIPOTENT ! who spread so wide
The curtains of his elevated throne ; 140
... T K 4 ... T And

And kindled up those living fires, to shine
 Like splendid lamps before his palace gates—
 Or glittering pearls in his immortal crown.
 In civil and commercial life, the stars
 Of wond'rous fame, of wond'rous use are found:
 Their uses need no comment; and by bards,
 Ancient and modern, sounds their fame, in strains
 Immortal as their fires!—Sacred of old
 Their harmony, when God the fiat gave,
 And all creation's works to light sprang up! 150
 Renown'd in sacred writ, when erst they fought,
 'Gainst Sisera, in aid of Israel's host, *!
 Some stars propitious shine to births and states,
 And adverse some to politics and kings!
 Such creed Astrology would fain impose;
 And Pagan ignorance believ'd the tale;
 Confounding stars, and gods, supposing these
 To govern men, and those foretel their fates!
 As soon might men arrest their swift career,
 And notify what hour they cease to roll. 160
 From nobler ends they blaze thro' all the sky.
 On them, the pencil of Omnipotence
 Has drawn, in characters indelible,
 The Astronomer's fair book, the seaman's chart;
 The Navigator's one unvarying rule
 To rectify his course. In them appear
 The traces of Eternal Wisdom; unseen

* Judges v. 20.

Alike by vulgar [†] and judicious eyes !
 Each stated watch, to them in charge assign'd,
 They keep ! But chief, "God's glory they declare,
 " And to the nations shew his handy work!" ¹⁷¹
 Yet all these constellations, bright as suns,
 If all united in the zenith blaz'd,
 All were outshone by that celestial ray
 Of mercy mild, which darted down direct,
 To earth, near Jordan's hallow'd stream ; and blaz'd
 O'er Palestine ; thence, over all the isles
 It shone benign, to light our stedfast course
 Up to the realms of day ! Heaven's splendid lamp,
 Receptacle of God's prime gift, the Sun ¹⁸⁰
 Once blush'd in sable shades, outshone; eclips'd
 By His superior blaze—"The Gentile's Light!"
 Great "Sun of Righteousness!" with thy bright
 beams .
 Relume the darkness of our gloomy days : ¹⁸⁹

[†] I would not be understood to affirm, that the operations of ETERNAL WISDOM, which shine so conspicuous in the visible heavens, are felt and admired by the illiterate husbandman in equal degree as they are by the contemplative adept in science, or the profound philosopher : all that I affirm, is, that they are plain lessons of Divine Wisdom to the most ignorant, and monitors to revere and adore the Almighty Creator.

[‡] The Scripture metaphor of wings, applied to the Sun of Righteousness, is a trope which affords the highest idea of the inconceivable speed with which the Divine Mercy whisks its flight.

• Cheer the benighted Voyagers with thy ¹⁸⁰ ~~light~~
 • Uprising ; and "with healing in thy wings,"
 • Scatter the gathering clouds ; disperse afar
 • Life's saddest glooms with thy consoling beams :
 • Lighten the nations round the spacious earth ;
 • With all thy penetrating rays direct ¹⁹⁰
 • Of sacred truth : And thou blest'd Spirit, wast
 • Each wanderer back to steer religion's course,
 • That all may safely gain Heaven's peaceful beach.

AGAIN the sprightly day, whose balmy breath
 Bespangles all the lawns with num'rous gems,
 Peeps o'er the mountains, healthful, blushing red,
 To see the sons of Indolence reclin'd ²⁰⁰ ~~willow shade~~
 On downy couches, this prime cheering hour,
 When Phœbus his triumphal car first rolls ²¹⁰ ~~across~~
 Sublimely up the steep of heav'n ! when breathe
 Sweetness and health thro' all the vital air.
 Awake, ye sons of Sloth ! and blush to hear
 How loudly nature calls you forth, to join ²²⁰ ~~not~~
 The gen'ral chorus of earth, air, and skies !
 His mercy and beneficence t'attest,
 Who gave your heart to feel, your tongue to praise ;
 Be this your first, your last, your chief employ,
 His praise, " by whom you move, and have your ²³⁰ ~~all~~
 being ! "

Then, next, your diff'rent occupations, toils, ²⁴⁰ ~~and care~~
 And ²⁵⁰ ~~endeavor~~ And

And useful studies ply ; and say what joys,
What op'ning prospects, such a course attend !

Thus days with seasons, years with Life, roll
round,
Succeeding and succeeded :—Time lays hold,
His scythe, enormous, and cuts down like grass,
All earth's inhabitants ! A hundred years
Leaves not a remnant, a few hoary heads,
Scarce as the vintage gleaning to remain.
As rivers to their source, so Life flows on
Incessant, tending downward to the gulph
Of deep futurity, whence none return.

THE man whose heart is rivetted to earth,
Whose wishes and attachments centre here,
Acts not unlike some idiot passenger
Bound to a distant port, but lodg'd a night
In a commodious creek, who spends his all
To fit up warm apartments for an hour.
Next morning, summon'd to embark, in haste
He quits the cell, and leaves his fancy'd claim
For aliens to possess. Such oft their fate
Who furnish treasures for ungrateful heirs ;
Who, when they drop, scarce shed a friendly tear !

LIFE soon resigns to future destiny
Its idle business, its toils, and cares,

Pleasures, and hopes, and fears, a medley train,
 And makes the port, where traffic toils no more.
 So merchants, bent on gain, bear down the stream
 With joy, and soon the spacious seas obtain
 In hope of future recompense, they steer
 O'er all the turbulence of all the waves; 245
 Tho' dangers oft await them, and stern fate
 Besets their course—and mars their future hopes.
 In Life's swift Voyage, holds the parallel?
 It does. So jocund youth in early prime
 Of Life glides smooth; and every charming scene
 Delights us! Nature's self, then seen,
 Appears all pleasure to our eyes;—or heard,
 'Tis music in our ears! The smiling joys
 Of innocence and sweet simplicity
 Conspire to make us bless'd! Fair spring appears,
 And every pleasing scene new joy inspires! 251
 Ev'n Winter's cold domain then warms our souls,
 Enkindling an enthusiastic heat 255
 Mid' frost and snow, and all the hollow roar
 Of Eurus' rage to melt the musing heart 260
 To raptures, which I fancy still to feel!
 When summer sheds its copious gifts, profuse
 O'er all the earth, like Ainalthæa's horn;
 Ev'n summer seems less fruitful than our hopes!
 Our hopes shoot forth in blossom; and our joys,
 Unbounded, seem to promise golden fruit, 265
 To shine in Autumn's meliorating hand;

When,

When manhood shall complete our happiness,
And Hyraen crown in wedlock all our joys !
The Winter which awaits our frozen powers
Is scarcely then conceiv'd of—seeming far,
And distant as the space which occupies
'Twixt East and the extremest point where sets
The evening Star ! When manhood crowns our
years,

Ah, then our blossom'd hopes begin to shed ; 1270
And Disappointment bears hard at the root,
To cut down all the Tree ! Kind Heaven protect !
Its sacred boughs from each malignant blast,
And every hand that's rais'd to do it harm,
What tho' Misfortune's piercing blasts, like frost,
Nip off the verdant leaves ; yet wait a while,
The tree invigorates, and shoots afresh
Beneath Heaven's kindly dew, and looks as gay,
As verdant as before. What fools are they
Whom one short winter urges to destroy 1280
Their drooping vine, because its leaves are shed !
The blasts of fortune, and the wrecks of fate,
Should teach us wisdom. And in manhood's tide,
Our anchor should be fix'd on firmest ground,
As stable as the rocks which bound the shores.
Despair should ne'er be seen on deck,
But instant thrush that dæmon to the deep,
When Age engakes us, all our work should then
Be finish'd ;—nothing lost—save what the joys
c. 17 And

And peaceful prospects of a future state stages 290
 Excite in grateful acts of charity, so much kindred.
 Religion then should soothe and meliorate, brighten
 The frail infirmities of life; and give, & diminish
 Large prospects of unfading bliss.—How fair,
 The evening sun that sets in smiles !
 As peaceful and as fair the evening seems,
 Which closes up the scene,—a well spent Life.

RELIGION ! O thou solace of delight !

Thou balm of hope ! My yielding heart is thine;
 I feel myself to thee betroth'd by ties conquer 300
 Indissoluble. Still, still bind my soul with many
 With twice ten thousand bands of sacred love,
 No more to sever from thy company, than in life,
 In life, in death—or distant worlds unknown.

AND are there found who at Religion scoff, &c.
 And cast aside the only balm of hope ?
 Tho' Fortune smile within their palace-gate,
 I envy not their lot, nor would I change
 The enslav'd African's hard yoke for theirs.
 If vile ingratitude to man proclaim, &c. 310
 A low and sordid mind, how must appear
 The wretch who lives unmindful of his God !
 His Benefactor ! his best Friend ! Such sight
 Might angels move to pity, and disdain.
 Hence irreligion is ingratitude, &c. 320
 Of

Of deepest dye—and worse, 'tis war, 'gainst Heav'n!
Man's disobedience urges destiny
To grasp the brands of Heav'n with stedfast aim,
And hurl them down, quick as the glancing flash;
At the defenceless head of impious Pride:— 320
To sink the scorner low as is the realm
Of ancient Night and Erebus profound.

SHALL man, the child of God, whom Mercy
counsels
The favourite of Heav'n; whom Goodness guards
Throughout the busy day, and close pursues
What time the evening shades to still repose
Invite—its station fixing round his bed,
Still provident to guard from every harm—
Shall man be still ungrateful, and not pay
A tribute of devotion to his God? 330
Forbid it Heav'n! Lest earth and skies exclaim,
Against such base impiety! And all
Th' astonish'd elements proclaim his guilt!

YES, man—vain man, would shun the Deity,
And start aside from out his paths direct,
Like an unlevel'd arrow from the bow:
As tho' his God, with arbitrary rule,
Intruded on his rights and liberty!
Happy for him; the patient Deity
Not soon retaliates, with vengeful hand, 340
The

The measure of his wrong.—I hear a voice, oh ! O
Of justice and forbearance to the world, From NINEVEH, the ancient seat whence rose o' th' Assyrian monarchy o'er all the earth ;
Whence proud oppression and injustice sprang, And sway'd an iron sceptre o'er the globe !
God sent his prophet to proclaim her fall, His prophet, tho' reluctant, must obey.
His message he proclaims. The city hears : She trembles : she repents, and turns averse From all her evil ways. God sees from high : He too relents, and turns aside his wrath. As great his goodness and forbearance still To all who supplicate his gracious throne— With that chief eloquence of humble * pray'r.

As show'rs that fall on the parch'd wilderness Soon disappear, as soon the City wip'd Off every tear ;—Renown'd her wonted course Of wickedness, with greater confidence, Till urg'd—at length, awoke th' Almighty's ire, And kindled in a flame through all her streets ! Fell Desolation tore up all her strong Foundations ; and her bulwarks deep eras'd : Empty, and void, and waste, her pâlaces A heap of ruins fell.—Learn hence, Who slight Divine forbearance, justice will o'er take.

edordi *Pray'r all eloquent. X. YOUNG. 1681. THE

THE prophet's case a lesson may unsold,
Of sage instruction to th'attentive ear.

FANCY afar descrys the hoary seer,
To Ninus' city sent I enjoin'd from high
To warn an impious race their overthrow,
Ere the short space of forty setting suns
Shall have elaps'd, and drawn Night's curtain round
To veil the face of day—The prophet turns,
With gloomy discontentment in his eye,
And sets his face for Joppa, thence to launch,
And bear his course across th'astonish'd deep,
For Tarsis, hoping so to shun the high
Behest of Heav'n, and fly the face of God !
Th'astonish'd deep reproves his impious guilt,
And checks his bold design. The lab'ring keel
Feels all the fury of the raging storm,
And seesins the sport of winds. On deck, they reel
Like drunken men -- till stupify'd, the seer
In sleep obtains short refuge from his grief,
The crew in vain their utmost efforts use,
And dash the sounding oars to the wild waves
With all the force of human sinews. Some
At the stiff helm, atteptive, toiling hard,
And some at the torn shrouds. While over deck
The rolling billows sweep with frequent surge,
Methinks I see Confusion rave on board
The busiest of their train ! Deep horror throbs

210 THE VOYAGE OF LIFE

In every heart, and gleams through every eye!
 What diligence, what pain'd anxiety
 Appears to shun the King of Terrors dart !
 The merchant and the mariner agree
 To leave no needful effort unassay'd
 The harbour to regain, whence late they launch'd ;
 These at the cordage lab'ring hard, and those
 Casting o'erboard the stores once highly priz'd
 For now the wealth of either Ind, compar'd
 With Life, in estimation seems a toy.

Still every surge forebodes their threat'ning doom !
 Lo, at the helm the pilot stands aghast,
 And motionless—a statue of distress !
 As the last effort of expiring hope,
 Each man his god invokes with fervent cry ;
 Yet still each man invokes his god in vain.
 More wise, the Hebrew seer they now address
 "Sleeper, awake ! What meanest thou ? Arise,
 "And call upon thy God ! Perhaps thy God
 "Will deign to lend an ear ?" Nor was their suit
 In vain ; nor unavailing now their plaint,
 As heretofore ; for Israel's God can hear.

THE prophet soon the secret cause reveals
 Why rage the elements so uncontroll'd.
 With generous disdain he gives himself,
 To The sacrifice, to still the angry seas :
 Likesthe great Chief, who for his country's weal
 Foregoes

Foregoes his friends, his safety, and his life, — 424
And gains the honours to such valour due. ..

NECESSITY impells. I see the crew,
With trembling hands, consign him to the deep.
The angry deep receives the destin'd prey,
And all its clamours cease. The prophet still
Abides secure, in covert of his robe,
Whose awful nod the raging seas obey.

Down to the deep foundations of the hills, 112
Where Phœbus' sight could never penetrate, - 430 I
He sinks to where the hollow mountains fix 113
Their everlasting bars. He supplicates 114 Q
The ear of God ! His God attentive hears. 115
Tho' round his head the "baffled billows" play'd, y
And dangling sea-weeds * from his temples hung, 116
Down to the sandals which sectr'd his feet; 117
Tho' Cetos + clo's'd high in his hideous jaws; 118
And darkness fix'd its throne above, around; 119
Th' Omnipotent still kept beneath his eye 120 G
His supplianting feet : and in his hand 121 440

• Jonah ii. 5.

[†] *Ketos*, i. e. a great fish: probably the *Shark*, which abounds in those seas. The *Whale* does not seem to be a happy translation of the word *Ketos*, in the tale of the prophet *Jenah*. *Matt.* xii. 40.

Preferv'd his life secure until the hour,
The destin'd hour, which cast him forth, thid
morn,
High on the shore to greet the smiling day,
Type of the rising God ! in equal space,
Who burst the sable barriers of the tomb,
And gave to light the hope of future joy,
More cheering than Aurora's kindling rays,
Which in the purple East expansive stream !

Dip' *Jonah* disobedient turn, intent
To shun the high behest of Heaven, alone 450
Has he no followers in the wayward course
Of obstinate rebellion ? Multitudes
There are, who steer as counter to the chart
In sacred writ reveal'd ; who wish, like him,
T' illude th' omniscience of the Deity,
And fly the face of God ! Can mortals hide
From his broad Eye, who at one glance surveys all
Creation's bounds ? Say, can the treach'rous scheme, VI
Or the more impious deed, in silence plann'd,
In darkness perpetrated, miss his eye ?
Null were the confidence, and vain the hope. 460
HE fills all places with his essence pure ;
Heav'n with his love ; and earth exulting smiles
With his beneficence divinely bless'd ;
While hell groans deep beneath his awful ire.

NOR slept the *far* alone on Life's rough sea,
 Encompass'd round with dangers and distress;
 Thousands, like him, supinely sleep, secure,
 Nor dream of danger nigh, tho' **GUILT** beset
 Their course in its terrific form array'd, 470
 Convolv'd in storms of wrath, to issue down
 Like torrents in the soul! And all the time
 The hell-bred monster **SIN** pesters the bark,
 Guilt frowns a fury! frowns a desp'rare foe,
 And meditates destruction! Like the shark
 Closely pursuing all our course unseen,
 But not unselt, unless the conscience too
 Be fall'n asleep! When Vice directs the helm,
 Fate follows hard, and Desperation mounts
 Its enginery with such a levell'd aim; 480
 As soon or late awakes the stupid soul,
 Or sinks it lower than the deepest waves.

MERCY awoke the seer! And Mercy's voice
 Wakes thousands ere they close their eyes in shades,
 But those who sleep with Vice must float in tears:
 Yet timely tears prevent the fatal wreck,
 Launching with calm Contrition at the helm,
 We steer secure, and make the port of Peace;
 Rejecting Penitence, we strike amain
 Upon the flinty rock of black Despair! 490
 Not equal her inexorable fate

Who

Who wept herself to marble, when bereft
Of all her boasted sons in one sad hour!
As sure the course, where Vice long domineers,
Shall terminate in Sorrow's saddest plight.

As bounds the rapid keel o'er many a wave,
Thro' many a longitude—to distant climes,
Unseen from off the shore; so Life's precincts
Are soon o'erpass'd; and all beyond might seem
Impenetrably veil'd—save what the light⁵⁰⁰
Of Inspiration * shews, “as in a glass,”
To those whose views extend beyond an hour;
As wave succeeds to wave, and storm to storm,
So Life's succeeding scenes are still the same—
To-morrow meets the ghost of yesterday,
And all things run in one perpetual round §,
Till Fate's vindictive hand shuts up the scene.
The drama is perhaps renew'd next year;
But we have quit the stage! Life's fleeting hopes
At length delusive seem.—When past, how short
Appears the interval 'twixt youth and age,⁵¹¹
Between the cradle and funereal room!
Soon infancy to youth resigns its tears
And toys; and youth for riper age foregoes
Its blooming charms—by grave Experience taught,

* Alluding to the Bible.

† 2 Cor. iv. 18.

§ Eccl. i. 9.

" Childhood and youth are vanity ;"—'tis then
 Our riper years, and sounder intellect,
 Sedate as Wisdom's school, to manhood give
 Life's flatt'ring hopes and fears ! And manhood
 soon

Declines to feeble age ;—bequeathing all 520
 Its hoarded heaps to young posterity,
 To future destiny its trembling hopes !
 The human frame then seems, supported scarce
 On bending pillars, incensing to fall
 An heap of dust ! The ancient walls*, and dome,
 Appear externally defac'd and worn
 By the rude onset of full many a storm !
 One ornament, bestow'd by nature's hand,
 Remains. The flow'ring "almond" blooms, t'adorn
 The sacred "temple," o'er the wrongs of Time !
 E'en so, the flowery shrubs which pendent bloom
 High on Palmyra's ruins, pleas'd are seen, 532
 By the inspecting eye of travellers;
 And seem to shed a lustre o'er the scene !
 How sacred, and how venerable, say,
 Must age appear—the dictatorial heir
 Of Wisdom, by Experience taught, with sound
 Discretion blest ? How sage, if found in paths
 Of righteousness ? If not—ih'untimely birth,

* The sacred writers frequently represent the several members of the human frame, by metaphors drawn from the various parts of an edifice. 'Cant. viii. 9, 10.'

That

That never saw the sun, were happier far,540
When Destiny shuts up the final scene !
Stooping beneath a multitude of years,
We soon consign Nature's infirmities
To the cold hand of Death ; and sink unmov'd
By censure or ambition's fiery chace,
Unaw'd by villany, or force, or fraud,
To lie conceal'd within the silent tomb.—
To this Life's Voyage tends. All earthly hopes
And anxious cares sleep in oblivion here !
Here is the destin'd port of human kind :550
The statesman wise ; the politician shrewd ;
The general bold ; the warrior firm and brave ;
The sophist, and the simple, here unite,
And blend one common lot in nature's urn !
The honourable sink with solemn pomp :
Attention wakes, and echos round the shores
A sudden gust of fame, which soon expires,
If not by more than titles dignify'd.
True worth must sink alike ; but with regards559
That shall not soon expire. The good are like
A stately navy, first afar descry'd ;
Soon nigher seen—with colours streaming high
Before the gale—all extacy t'arrive
Successful and victorious to their port.
Not so the wicked ; they, like vanquish'd fleets,
Are routed—and to wild disorder driv'n,
By the superior valour of the foe :

Then

Then met by raging storms, dispers'd, and wreck'd,
And buried deep beneath the booming waves,
Down to the Stygian sound they sink full fast ; 570
Nor does one shatter'd ketch e'er float up more,
And hap'ly gain the fair Ausonian beach.
Such are the various fate's assign'd to men :
So Life's grand Voyage ends ! And when 'tis past,
Just like the furrowing keel which splits the wave,
And leaves no track behind, our course is now
Scarce longer recogniz'd ! If ill, too soon
It cannot be forgot. But if our course
Tended to Life—and Wisdom's plan pursu'd—
Mark that immortal chart ! Forget it not ! 580
Steer on by the same point :—You soon arrive
At SALEM's port—the seat of sacred joy !

ENOUGH, my muse ! The faithful muse has glanc'd,
With penetrating eye, thro' various Life ;
Its boding fears, delusive hopes, and joys
Has guarded from excess ; and steer'd, throughout,
The course of moderation ;—yet with zeal
T'espouse the cause of truth, and vindicate
Religion, and the state, 'gainst enemies
Avow'd and firm—or couch'd in dark disguise, 590
More hellish of the twain ! but deeming those
Beneath regard who trample on a crown* !

* Fortunately in *idea* only.

Despots for anarchy ! asserting "Rights,"
Imaginary rights ! with nought to lose !
Like birds of omen screaming to their mates
The wild fantastic echo of an hour,
In silence soon to die !—Surveying scenes
So complicated, she has laugh'd, has wept,
Has trembl'd do'er the fates that men bequeath,
Not to their fortune's heirs, but to themselves !
Has trac'd of good and ill the gain or loss,
The various consequence—and final end,
Enforcing by example, and by rule,
The course of virtue—and superior worth.
Should this sincere attempt find good success,
And reputation gain in wisdom's ear ;
Just tribute to his love be paid from whom
All good, all excellence proceeds ; who pours
The vital current thro' these veins—inspires
This conscious heart to feel akin to man,
And kindle sacred sparks at virtue's fires !
Should unsuccess attend—tis no futility,
But fate, procures my doom :—I durst submit,
However mortify'd, and own my fate
A portion of humanity—nor worse
Than what attends on many a hopeful bard,
• Homo sum, humani nihil a me alienum puto. TERRÆ.
Quisque suos patimur mares. VIRTUTES. RISINGE.

Rising in elevation; but to fall
 More signal, more conspicuous to the world!
 With modesty I meet the world; nor hope
 With a false lustre to delude their eyes! 629
 My muse, regardless of the lash of wits,
 The sneer of pedants, the contempt of vice,
 Rises superior to these legions helm'd
 With bold effrontery, like flaming brass!
 Meantime, the learned critic she reveres,
 Who argues from just principles, and seems
 Unbiass'd or to censure or commend—
 Unpolish'd pearls such will be found to prize:
 The sterling weight of one strong thought; with
 him,

Weighs down a thousand glitt'ring phantasies, 630
 Which seem but feathers in the scale of sense;
 With him—the man who dares espouse the cause
 Of truth and reason, claims no small regard.

Now close the song with Nature's closing scenes,
 The vanquish'd tomb, the final renovation!

AWHILE the righteous sleep serene, and safe, 631
 From all assaults, in their low bed—the grave.
 Life's Voyage ended, here their bark obtains
 Safe anchorage, and in this haven lies,
 Waiting the signal of a retribution! 640
 Hid in the shelter of this silent nook,

No turbulent proud waves of wickedness—
Or strife—no rocks of error—no mustrooms—
Of dread temptation threaten to devour :
No blustering blasts—no fatal wrecks disturb
Their still repose :—So rests in some calm creek
The wary pilot, till the turbid storm
Which loud alarms at sea be overblown.—
When the commission'd angel, from on high,
Shall stand august and solemn—one foot fix'd, 650
On earth, and one on sea, with hand elate
To heav'n—and swear by heav'n's Immortal King
That Time shall cease to roll !—with awful blast
Give the shrill trump of God to rend the skies,
And call the sleeping nations forth to meet
Their separate doom ! The erst all-stedfast earth,
And all th' inferior heavens unite in one
Unbounded blaze ! and all, affrighted, fly
Their MAKER's presence—now the Judge of all !
Mean-time, we shall behold the teeming tombs, 660
The solemn vaults, the roaring floods and seas,
The gaping ruins of huge palaces,
And far-fam'd towns by earthquakes bury'd deep,
Resign their charge, and give them to the day.
O ! then, with joy, methinks I see the Just, 670
Beneath Heav'n's brightest beaming clemency,
Hoisting their flag of hope ! Uplifting high
The swelling sails of love ! Bearing sublime

Before

Before a gale of meritorious grace
On to the crystal portals of the sky !

670

LIFT up your heads, ye everlasting doors,
And give the heirs of bliss to enter in !
Ye pearly gates of Paradise ! admit
The ransom'd nations all, with loud acclaim
And songs of sacred joy ! Give them to feast,
'Mid amaranthine bow'rs, beneath the tree
Whose sacred leaves heal'd all their maladies,
And pluck ambrosial fruit from off its boughs !
Give them to quaff immortal pleasures round,
From out Life's fount, till youth, celestial youth,
Sit on each brow, and sparkle in each eye ;

681

With vigour only seen, and only felt,
In immortality ;—to shine like stars
In the unclouded firmament of heaven ;
Where pure serenity abides ; where joys
Mature exult, which no cessation know.
No sickness, no calamity, obtains
In that "NEW EARTH AND HEAV'NS," where just
Men dwell :
No dread of shipwreck there ;—Secure they stand,
All safely landed on th'eternal beach.

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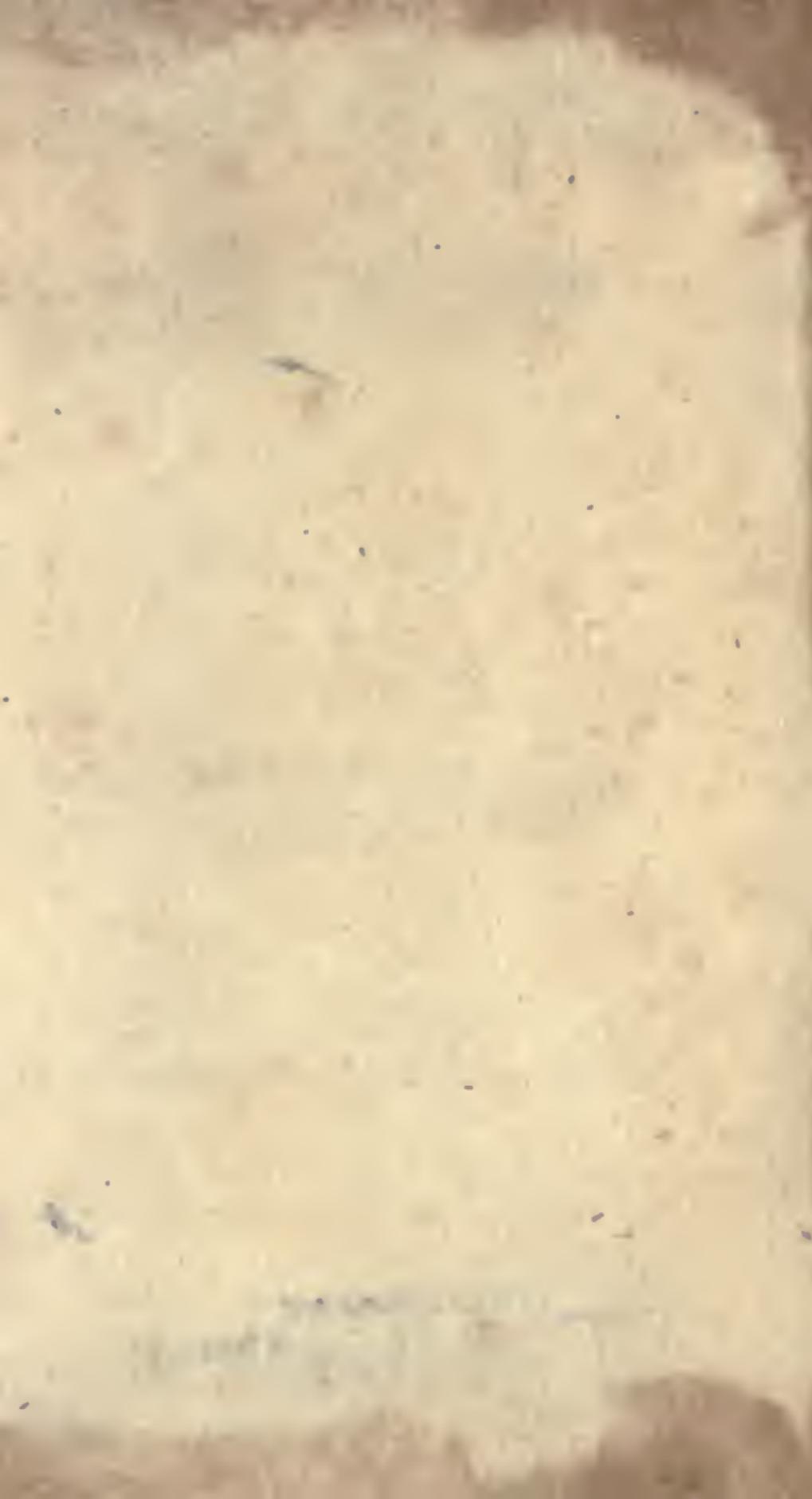
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